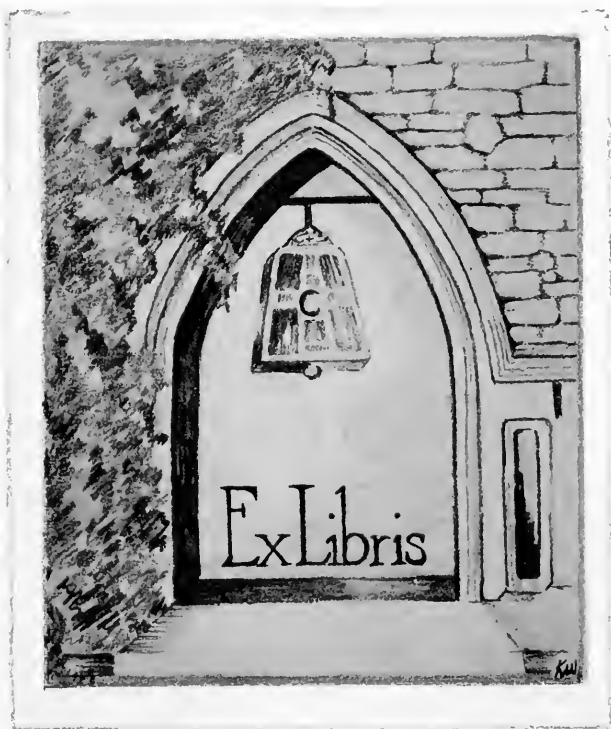




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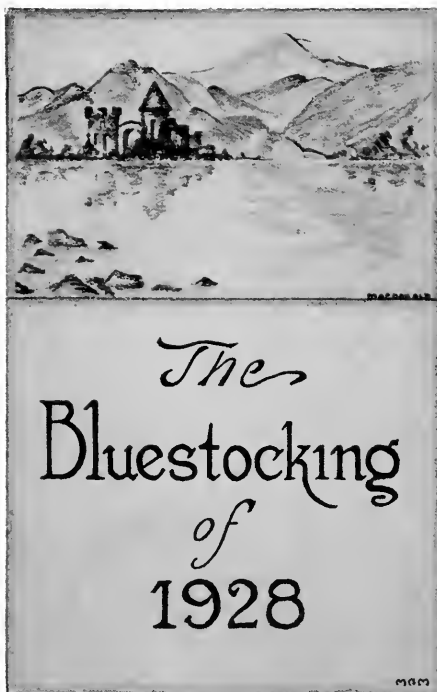
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The
Bluestocking
of
1928

MEM



ECHOES OF KILLARNEY

1925

The Bluestocking

Published by the Junior Class

MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE



Staunton, Virginia

1927-1928

VOLUME V



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1928

To
MISS ELEANORA HARRIS

because her unfailing devotion and
her honesty of purpose have
left in our hearts an echo
which shall ring forever,
we, the members of her class,
wish to express our appreciation
by lovingly dedicating to her
The Bluestocking of 1928





MISS ELEANORA HARRIS



Foreword

THE echoes of Kíllarney are the epitome of what has been, of what is, and what shall be. They reverberate in the distance among the Irish hills like the chime of silver bells calling us to a life of noble endeavor.

The echo of Mary Baldwin Seminary rings true in our hearts and rears the new Mary Baldwin College from its own foundation of unsurpassed tradition and ideal womanhood.

To those who follow in our wake, we earnestly desire that the 1928 BLUESTOCKING may echo in their lives its message of honor and loyalty.




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The Ogam Alphabet

THE oldest alphabet used in Ireland appears to have been the Ogam Alphabet. The fact that no certain trace of the Ogam Alphabet has been found upon the European continent indicates that the alphabet was invented in Ireland. The alphabet consists of a number of short lines straight or slanting and drawn above, below, or through one long stem line. The Art Staff has reproduced the word "Baldwin" written in the Ogam Alphabet, for the border of these pages, and this explanation is made for the benefit of those who have not had the pleasure of studying such a language.



VALE of ECHOES



Spring

*"In that soft season, when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers."*

—POPE.



Summer

*"Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set."*

—BYRON.



Autumn

*"How bravely autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous flame of Summer which is fled."*

—Hood.



Winter

*"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow."*

—TENNYSON.



phantom echoes

1928

MRS. ISABEL McILHENY NICHOLS

Isabel McIlheny Nichols, daughter of John and Bernice Bell McIlheny, was born in Wilmington, North Carolina. She received her education at Columbus, Georgia, and Mary Baldwin Seminary, then known as Augusta Female Seminary.



She was a prominent member of the class of '76, but it was necessary for her to leave Mary Baldwin before graduation. In 1895, she married Mr. H. S. Prentiss Nichols, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Nichols has taken an important part in many community, state, and national enterprises in political, educational, social welfare, and religious fields. That she has given generously of her time to such projects may be inferred from the fact that she has been an efficient member of the State Council of Education, member of the Philadelphia Art Jury, member of Mayor's Committee to assign city scholarships to the School of Design, and trustee of Wilson College for Women, at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. She has served as director of the Southeastern Chapter American Red Cross Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania, member of Philadelphia Committee of 70, of Woman's National Committee of 100

for Law Enforcement, and of Pennsylvania League of Women Voters. Mrs. Nichols has been Secretary of Philadelphia Home for Incurables, Chairman of the Advisory Committee for Philadelphia of the National War Work Council, Y. W. C. A., and a member of English Speaking Union Transatlantic Society. She is now Vice-President of the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. In November, 1927, she presided at a meeting in commemoration of the 200th Anniversary of the founding by William Tennent of Log College. So wide has been her service that she might be termed a "world citizen."

Mrs. Nichols has a most charming personality. She is an interesting talker, a splendid organizer, and a sympathetic friend. She is well loved by those members who have been aided by her untiring works. Mrs. Nichols has given abundant evidence of her rare versatility and by her unselfish and intelligent service, she is exercising a very great and far-reaching influence. In spite of the busy life she leads, Mrs. Nichols has found time in a recent letter to express her appreciation of what her old school has done for her and to show that her heart often turns back with loving thoughts to her Alma Mater.

MISS LUCY PAGE COFFMAN

Miss Lucy Page Coffman, in 1920, came from California to Mary Baldwin Seminary, though her parents were originally from Virginia. Lucy Page remained four years at Mary Baldwin, years which she has designated as the happiest of her life. She filled an important place in the school body, for she entered into every phase of student life.



In athletics, she was found tramping to the farm for baseball. She served as an officer of the Art Club, and was a loyal member of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet. During her four years at M. B. S., THE BLUESTOCKING profitted by her artistic ability. We remember Lucy Page, the student, the good sport, the friend, but most of all the artist. Her talent was recognized by all her friends at Mary Baldwin, and from the day she carried off her first art prize, great things were expected of her.

Lucy Page proved true to the trust and confidence of her friends. Soon after graduation, she received first place in the entrance examinations to the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, where she remained for a year's study.

Before going to Paris, Lucy Page wrote a charming little pamphlet, entitled "What Mary Baldwin Has Done for Me," which she concludes by saying:

"And then—when I know Mary Baldwin and have learned all its intricacies, I love it. I was a 'rat'—afterwards I made 'rats' out of others—and I went to Mary Baldwin for four years, so when I am asked to tell what Mary Baldwin has done for me, I am almost at a loss to tell of the myriad of things by which I have been benefited. I have learned promptness, obedience, loyalty, neatness—and what I was sent primarily for, some knowledge at least. I have learned "school spirit," and I have gained friends, the greatest thing of all. Mary Baldwin has made me love Mary Baldwin."

Miss Coffman is now engaged in her loved profession, at Washington, where she carries with her the faith of her many friends, for her talent gives promise of a rich and beautiful life in the field of art.

We feel confident that her work will not only exhibit fine technique, but that the loyalty, faith, and beauty woven into her character while in preparation for her calling will give luster and tone to her productions. In other words, we expect pictures that will have a vital appeal and that will speak to others of the true and the beautiful.

MISS ANN PRESTON BRIDGERS

Miss Ann Preston Bridgers and her sister were students at Mary Baldwin Seminary in 1910. Ann Bridgers' scholastic record was high, in fact, she held an enviable position among her fellow students. Now Mary Baldwin has been rewarded for the trust placed in Miss Bridgers, for she has become a very successful playwright.



After leaving Mary Baldwin, Miss Bridgers attended Smith College, from which she was graduated. Since then have come years of work in connection with the theatre, with the fundamentals of which she has made herself familiar. Her ability as an actress has been recognized and she has appeared several times in well known productions on Broadway.

On November 12, 1927, Miss Bridgers' very popular play, "Coquette," was presented at the Maxine Elliott Theatre in New York. "Coquette" has met with almost unprecedented success. This drama was carefully written and shrewdly put together by Mr. George Abbott and Miss Bridgers working in collaboration. Work on the play was begun in May, 1925, and "Coquette"—the much discussed play—was finished for sale in December, 1926.

The theatre section of the *New York Times* for November 13th, Sunday issue, published an article about Ann Preston Bridgers. To quote from the article:

"In the opinion of this reviewer, at least, nothing so complete and touching as 'Coquette' has crossed the boards for many seasons. Perhaps one should be content to admire it as an engrossing, tender story of love and bitter tragedy in the South, acted truthfully in every part. But what it indicates about the capacities of the theatre stirs the imagination excessively.

"The basis of 'Coquette' is a script by Ann Preston Bridgers. George Abbott has joined forces with Miss Bridgers as author and director. The producer is Jed Harris, conspicuous for his personal appearances and also for putting on 'Broadway.' . . . Apparently these two men of the theatre have not imposed their thumping technique upon Miss Bridgers' script, but they have modulated it to her fable: they have filled it out in complete sympathy with her mood."

The success of "Coquette" is definitely assured, and by it a Mary Baldwin girl has achieved fame. She is now abroad, and on her return we are expecting even greater things from Ann Preston Bridgers.

MISS ANNA JARVIS

Miss Anna Jarvis came to the Augusta Female Seminary, now Mary Baldwin College, in the fall of 1881, and remained here for two years. During those years she won for herself a splendid scholastic standing and has left a lasting impression in the school.



Since her Mary Baldwin days, Miss Jarvis has taken part in various activities and has formed for herself a place in her Philadelphia home. Her most important title is one that we may well revere, for Miss Anna Jarvis is the founder of Mother's Day. By her love and devotion for her own mother, she has honored not her alone, but all mothers everywhere. She is now at the head of a Mother's Day International Association.

This International Mother's Day has been a living interest for persons of every land, class, and creed that honor motherhood. Mother's Day is a constructive movement of practical benefit and patriotism that represents the home as the highest inspiration of our individual and national life.

When on Mother's Day, the second Sunday in May, we see the white carnation—the Mother's Day Emblem, the Mother's Day badge, the Mother's Day flag, or hear the slogan—"The Mother of Your Heart," let us think with gratitude of the founder of this day.

Miss Jarvis has inaugurated a great movement that sounds an echo in each heart. Her object is to inspire deeper responsibility toward the home, and a more profound appreciation of the greatest of God's gifts—Mother. Miss Jarvis may have gleaned an idea from the great sages of the far East, who value filial piety above all other attributes. However this may be, she has thought out and developed the idea in an entirely original and beautiful expression of love and devotion. All, no doubt, have felt the desire but failed to find an appropriate form of expression for the emotion stimulated by the love and self sacrifice of mothers. Therefore, we owe a great debt of gratitude to Miss Jarvis, and are proud to claim her as a Mary Baldwin girl.

She has expressed her appreciation of an invitation to be with us at our 1928 Commencement. But she says, "I very much regret that I cannot be with you all for some of your annual events, and as your honored guest, but personal affairs in Philadelphia make it impossible for me to be with you."

Miss Anna Jarvis sends her love to all Mary Baldwin girls.

Mr. Rabbit

Plumped down in a great big chair
Perplexed and sad and weary,
He scratched his ears
Twinkled his nose,
Did good old Uncle Eary.

Just hear his angry mutter,
"Now what is more perplexing,
Than making resolutions?
It certainly is most vexing."

So up he got and paced the floor
(That is, if Rabbits do it)
A hasty vow he could not make
For he might later rue it.

At last he hit upon a plan
To do good deeds galore
Unto his pretty little wife,
And kids that numbered four.

Down to the corner store he hopped
As fast as he could go,
A dress for Mrs. Peter bought,
Of nice blue calico.

Then home he went,
Flip-flop! Flip-flop!
And placed it on a chair.
But when his wife came home again,
She went up in a flare.

"What made you buy such awful things,
You must be quite a dunce,
Now down to the corner store you hop
And give it back at once!"

A great big tear now trickled down,
His tiny wee pink nose,
And when he finished crying
'Twas like a small red rose.

He hopped o'er to the mantel,
And without more ado,
He took the resolution
And tore it right in two!



—PEGGY RUSSELL, Age 13.

Alumnae Association of Mary Baldwin College

President

MRS. MARGARET KABLE RUSSELL

Vice-President

MRS. EMILY PANCAKE SMITH

Recording Secretary

MISS MARGARET BELL

Corresponding Secretary

MISS HARRIETT SPROUL

Treasurer

MISS FANNIE STRAUSS

CHAPTERS

Atlanta, Georgia

Cumberland, Maryland

Harrisonburg, Virginia

Knoxville, Tennessee

Lower Valley, Virginia

Lynchburg, Virginia

New York City, New York

Richmond, Virginia

Roanoke, Virginia

Rockbridge (Lexington), Virginia

Staunton, Virginia

Washington, District of Columbia



echo pipers

Alma Mater

KATHERINE SEE

LILLIAN IRELAND

Thou wast born of dreams, Mary Baldwin, Mary Baldwin,

Woman's dreams of love and true desire,

Conqueror dreams with passion's ardor glowing

Caught from Truth's undying pure white fire.

Born to live, to perish never,

To inspire to high endeavor,

To uphold that light forever,

Mary Baldwin!

Thou wast built of dreams, Mary Baldwin, Mary Baldwin,

Dreams of faith, the dreams of early dawn.

Thou shalt live beyond time's farthest limit ;

Dreams shall last when walls of stone are gone.

Born to live, to perish never,

To inspire to high endeavor,

To uphold that light forever,

Mary Baldwin!



REV. A. M. FRASER, D. D., L. L. D.



MARIANNA PARRAMORE HIGGINS, LITT. D.



WILLIAM WAYT KING



The Bluestocking

THE BLUESTOCKING has had its name handed down from generation to generation until it has become harder each year to keep up its traditional fineness. The name "BLUESTOCKING" literally means a learned woman of an aristocratic family, and no more fitting name could be applied to this annual. Its "aristocratic" family consists of Mary Baldwin, from whom THE BLUESTOCKING derives her long line of ancestral fame. In olden days the most blue-blooded of all the puritans were also "Bluestockings," and from that day until this the name has stood for superiority and intelligence. The person whose task it was to choose the name chose one of which we may be justly proud since it expresses a significant idea. Not one nationality alone has the privilege of claiming this title, therefore, we have taken the liberty, this time, of making an Irish BLUESTOCKING which echoes the thoughts of literary women.



OFFICERS AND ADMINISTRATORS

The future of Mary Baldwin College stands out high and clear against a background of consecrated service. Voices of the past echo in the present, and will reiterate in the future holding the same true notes, although adding the best of the constantly emerging innovations. These echoes are still the same, yet different; never changing, but always changing. The bell tower is the same fundamental structure, but the bell has been enlarged so that its challenging peals may resound over more numerous domains, calling all to throw off their indifferent and sluggish ways and set up for themselves new and higher goals toward which to strive. From the "tirs" they will come



COLLEGE FACULTY



PREPARATORY FACULTY

eager for notes to be burned indelibly in their hearts by those who are ready to pipe the echoes to the eager listeners. The advantage of having college officers and faculty whose echoes have remained pure and clear is to be seen in the lives and accomplishments of those whom they teach.

As all forms of life are largely molded by environment, students are greatly influenced by the ideals, attitudes, and characteristics of their instructors. Therefore, students from different colleges vary greatly in their ideals, aims, and ambitions, for they reflect the environment from which they come. So the better the environment the more perfect the outcome.



SPECIAL FACULTY

A Christian College

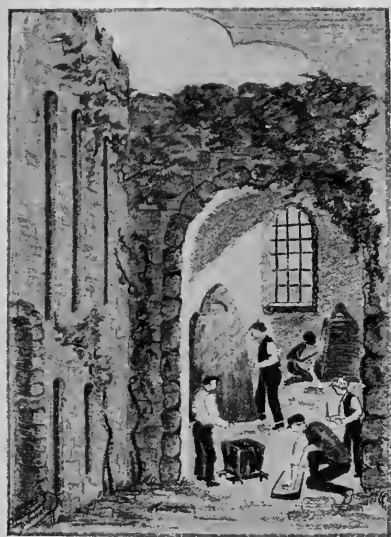
WHEN Mary Baldwin College began, eighty-five years ago, as Augusta Female Seminary, it announced in the first sentence of its Constitution that its object was to "afford the means of a thorough literary and Christian education" for girls and young women. The school was opened on the second floor of a business house in town, the lower floor of which was a cabinet maker's shop. It was not intended to suggest, but certainly does suggest, the carpenter's shop in which the Great Teacher prepared Himself for His life work. This school for "Christian education" was close to a cabinet shop.

When the cornerstone of the first building in the Seminary plant was laid, there was deposited in it a copy of the Bible enclosed in oil silk, with the superscription: "The only Rule of Faith and the first text-book of the Augusta Female Seminary."

One of the finest things of Miss Baldwin's great service to education was the personal religious influence she exerted. She taught the Bible herself and she gathered the girls about her in groups and talked to them about personal religion and right living. Many of her former pupils are living today who testify to the molding and abiding effect of Miss Baldwin's religion on their lives.

When the college was gradually evolved from the Seminary and as a college became the property of the Synod of Virginia, the controlling motive in this development was to create one more college whose teaching would positively, confidently, and emphatically honor the Bible as the Word of God and "the only infallible Rule of Faith," in accordance with the desires of those who had heroically launched the school and those who have been its supporters ever since. How great the need for such an institution is, in the midst of so much chaos in religious thought, a Pastor, like myself, has peculiar opportunities for judging. How gratified Miss Baldwin and the founders of the school would be if they could come back and see the emphasis their college places on the Bible, as a part of both the college and seminary courses, and the method and spirit of the instruction!

—A. M. FRASER.



THE ECHOES





SENIORS

*"Our echoes roll from soul to soul and grow forever
and forever."*

—TENNYSON.



College Seniors

COLORS

Lavender and Gold

MOTTO

Niti nec cedere

FLOWERS

Lilac and Daffodil

OFFICERS

DOROTHY MILLER	<i>President</i>
MARGARET PATTERSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELISE GIBSON	<i>Secretary</i>
FRANCES BALLENGER	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS NANCY McFARLAND.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>





FRANCES CROSS BALLENGER

ROUND HILL, VIRGINIA

Y. W. C. A. '24-'28, A. A. '24-'28, Tennis Club '28, Tennis Champion '25, Spanish Club '27-'28, Psychology Club '27-'28, Treasurer Senior Class '28, Golf Club '28.

"There was a little girl," and such a nice little girl she is. Some people we remember for one thing and some for another, but Frances we shall always remember for her sense of true values. It takes a girl far above the average to know that she is right and then go ahead. It takes an excellent type of girlhood to see only the best in others and to have no desire to know anything but the best in her associates. Then, too—we shall remember Frances as a champion tennis player. Here, then, is a desire that others may reach, as their goal, the standard of fair play that Frances has achieved.

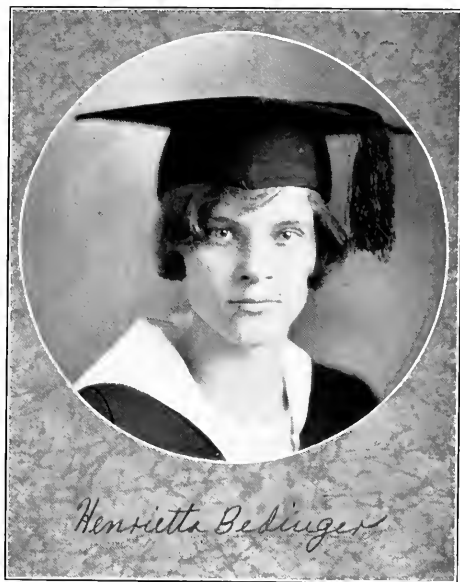


HELEN LOUISE BAYLOR

BLUEFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA

Y. W. C. A. '25-'28, A. A. '25-'28, Y. W. C. A. Committee '26-'27, Psychology Club
'26-'28, Secretary Junior Class '26-'27, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '27-'28,
Cotillion Club '27-'28, Orchestra '28.

"Mannerism, magnetism, eyes of youth inviting," is the reason for Helen's popularity. Seldom is graciousness, charm, and wit combined in one girl, and sometimes when looking at her, we believe that the gods have favorites on this earth. Combine with all these an intellectual mind and it will become the replica of Helen. It has been rumored around the campus that the combination of all these has been too much for her roommate, who has become a melting shadow from following Helen. Such a magnetic personality is worthy of a great train of followers, and Helen has won for herself a host of staunch and loyal friends.



HENRIETTA LEE BEDINGER

CHARLOTTE COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA

Y. W. C. A. Committee '26-'28, Y. W. C. A. '24-'28, A. A. '24-'28, Psychology Club '26-'28, French Club '27, Spanish Club '26-'28, BLUESTOCKING Staff '27, Council '28, Hockey Team '26-'28, Second Basketball Team '27.

"Somewhere a voice is calling"—oh yes, but it happens to be "Henry" calling Elise. However, Henrietta does not spend all of her time calling, for we know that she comes in with good grades. In addition to her scholastic attainments, "Henry" is an athlete, and it is no rare sight to see her turning hand-springs or playing around in the "gym." Even when we are groping in the depths of darkness, we may hear the echo of Henrietta's cheery voice from the clouds where her idealism keeps her, for she follows the gleam of all pure rays which are reflected in her heart.



CLARA REUBEL BEERY

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

Y. W. C. A. '24-'28, A. A. '24-'28, Granddaughters' Club '24-'28, Y. W. C. A. Committee '25-'27, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '26-'28, Literary Editor BLUESTOCKING '27, Dramatic Club '27, Secretary and Treasurer Dramatic Club '27, Critic Dramatic Club '28, Psychology Club '26-'28, Cotillion Club '28, Hall President '28, President Seminary Senior Class '28, *Miscellany* Staff '26.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes"—eyes that are ever lifted to a high ideal, filled with kindly love for all her friends. Clara's cheerful spirit in both work and play and her earnestness of purpose have won for her the high esteem of all her classmates. She has, beyond the usual girl, the ability and desire to do for others. May Mary Baldwin be blessed with many more such worthy students.



MARY EDITH BROWN

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Psychology Club '28, Spanish Club '28.

"Wise enough, but never rigid, gay, but not too lightly free."

Two years ago, Mary Edith Brown came to us, came to set for us new aims and goals in class work, to teach us a new and brighter way to smile, to prove to us that wisdom and gaiety are not antagonistic. She, so full of life and joyous emotions, joined with the other juniors to make not only a delightful social group, but also a unit working together for the school and the class of 1928. As a senior she is dignified, a student, displays ability as a leader and organizer, and delights us with her musical talents. We feel confident that the future holds in store for her admiration and many friends in whatever vocation she may choose. We wish for Mary Edith—the friend of every member of our class—a most happy and worth-while life.



DOROTHY DYER
FRANKLIN, WEST VIRGINIA

Y. W. C. A. '23-'28, A. A. '23-'28, Editor-in-Chief of THE BLUESTOCKING '27,
Psychology Club '26-'28, Treasurer Class '27, Golf Club '28.

"And the merry little twinkle in her eye" distinguishes from all other seniors—our pal "Dolly." In the years that are to come none of us shall ever forget "Dolly"—a girl gifted with humor, with originality, with brains, a well developed sense of fair play, and speaking of friends—we sometimes think that word was invented for her. Life bestows upon each and every one some gift, some talent, but life has been more than generous with "Dolly," who has not one, but many talents, none of which are being wasted. As we meet her happy, smiling face on the campus, or hear her cheery greetings, we often wonder why it seems, after she has passed by, that "the sun is shining a little brighter and the world isn't such a bad place after all."



FLORA ELMHRA GEORGE

LEESBURG, VIRGINIA

Y. W. C. A. '24-'28, A. A. '24-'28, Y. W. C. A. Committee '27, Treasurer Y. W. C. A. '28, Psychology Club '27-'28, Vice-President Class '27, Hall President '27-'28, BLUESTOCKING Staff '27.

"She's just a garland of old fashioned roses" woven about the beautiful things of life. As the sunshine of life has smiled upon Flora, she has unfolded her satiny petals, showing us her pure heart filled with friendship and love for each and all. As the dew of life falls upon Flora, developing her idealism and general capability, her character enlarges and she strives to make the bigger and better things her goal. It isn't often that the Creator of all things so richly shares, with one individual, his noblest treasures.



ELISE GIBSON

IVY DEPOT, VIRGINIA

Y. W. C. A. '24-'28, A. A. '24-'28, Y. W. C. A. Committee '24-'28, Choral Club '24-'28, Spanish Club '27, BLUESTOCKING Staff '27, Psychology Club '26-'28, President Psychology Club '27, Music Club '28, Business Manager *Miscellany* '28, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '28, Hall President '28, Secretary Senior Class '28.

"The gold of her hair and the blue of her eyes" should we forget all other traits of Elise, we shall never forget that lovely golden head of hers or her enchanting blue eyes. But we have no desire to forget the other characteristics of this class-mate of ours. Her talent as a writer, her ability as a leader in all phases of school life, and her full sense of justice have won for her a permanent place both in our hearts and memories. She is, you know, one of those girls whose rare gifts are to be envied.



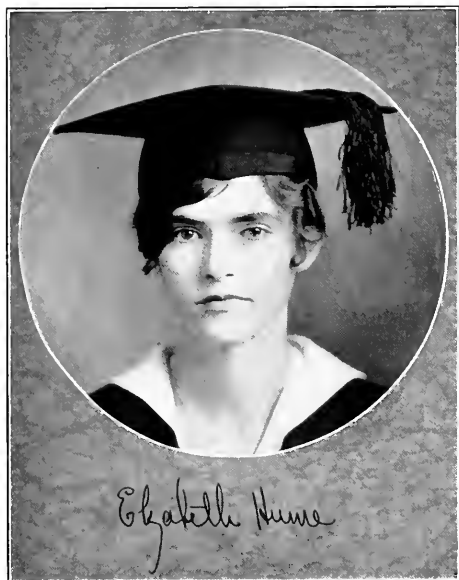
JEANNETTE LEE HERVEY

CHASE CITY, VIRGINIA

V. W. C. A. '26-'28, A. A. '26-'28, Psychology Club '27-'28.

"Roguish little elf and fairy; Always happy, never still."

Jeannette makes her world into fairy gardens. "Always happy, never still," she cares for and rejoices in her fairy flowers. In the sweet, comfortable soil of contentment she places her plants, and with sunshine and dew she causes them to bloom. Our hearts are the fairy gardens, our thoughts the fairy flowers. The sunshine that caresses the buds and blossoms of each day's contemplations are the smiles and cheer of Jeannette. Seldom is she sad, and never is she quiet. Whenever and wherever there is a task to be done, Jeannette is there willing and ready to do it cheerfully and capably. She came to Mary Baldwin as a junior, and from the time of her entrance, she has worked with her class, maintained an enviable scholastic record, made many friends, and has at all times upheld the ideals and traditions of the school.

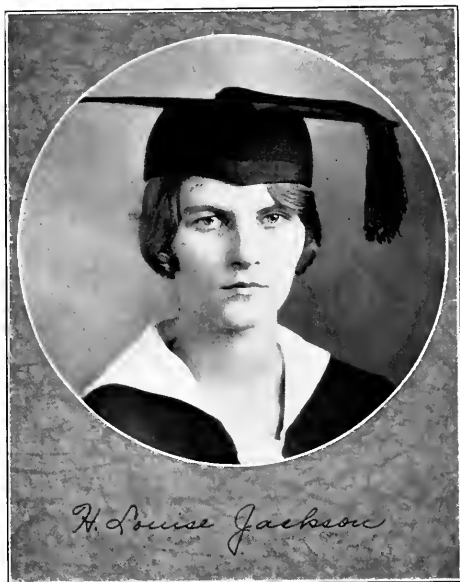


ELIZABETH CALDWELL HUME

LEESBURG, VIRGINIA

Y. W. C. A. '24-'28, A. A. '24-'28, Treasurer Sophomore Class, Y. W. C. A. Committee '26, Hall President '26, Second Basketball Team '25, First Basketball Team '25-'28, Captain Basketball Team '28, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '28, BLUESTOCKING, Staff '27, Psychology Club '26-'28, President Psychology Club '28, Little Sisters' Club '28.

"There are smiles that make us happy," and truly these are the smiles of our good friend and class-mate, Elizabeth Hume. It is not often that we meet a girl on the campus, in the class room, on the hall, whose smile means as much to the recipient as does that of Elizabeth. Not only do we value Elizabeth for her radiant smile, but also for her sportsmanship, and good brain, which are gifts of the gods to be desired. Lastly, we recognize her as a girl with ability to think straight and to act accordingly. The world in general and Mary Baldwin in particular is a much better place for having known such a girl.



HARRIET LOUISE JACKSON

"FREEGROVE," STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

French Club '27-'28, Psychology Club '27-'28, Second Vice-President of the Junior Class '27, Advertising Editor of *THE BLUESTOCKING* '27.

The "Rainy Day Pal" of our school days is Louise Jackson. My comrades look no more—At last we recognize the splendid qualities of this cheerful "Pal" of our class. She is dependable as a friend—an excellent gift—and ready to help at any time, or place. Her characteristics are gentleness, faithfulness, and sincerity, and her smile never fails to drive away the clouds. Surely fortune should bestow only his richest gifts upon such a girl. May she be to all with whom she comes in contact as she has been to us, and life will surely crown her with success and happiness.



VIRGINIA MAY JORDAN

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Spanish Club '27, Latin Club '28, Psychology Club '28, Vice-President Philathea
Sunday School Class '28, Group Captain B. Y. P. U. '28.

"In her eyes, glad smiles I see."

Many influences have been brought to bear on the class of 1928, but of all, perhaps, the most pleasing and soothing one is the smile that constantly lingers in Virginia's eyes. A talented young lady is Virginia, in the class play she made a charming young gentleman, and the smiles that peep from her eyes added much to the sunny and amusing performance. Virginia is one of the most earnest students of the senior class; one who goes about with the calmness and efficiency expected of a senior. Happy, but never thoughtless of others, sympathetic, yet reserved she moves among the group, the pal of all. During her two years here, Virginia has found her place in the class, worked for it and with it. Service—the keynote of life—is also the keynote of her life.



KITTY BURNETT LAMBERT

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Spanish Club '27-'28, Psychology Club '28.

"The lass with the delicate air."

Sweet, quiet, modest Kitty! A happy constellation shone upon her when she came to please not only the gentle and the good, but all about her. Kitty has what some one has called "the charm of not too much", part of it seen and part imagined. Her quiet, carefree, yet thoughtful demeanor and kind, sympathetic nature have won for Kitty a large place in the hearts of her classmates. Her many friends seek her as they seek the violet, the sweetest and daintiest flower of spring. Her charm, her appeal to our hearts, is as delicate and elusive as the fragrance of the mignonette. Kitty is the youngest member of our class, earnest and sincere in all she does, and always ready to co-operate in any useful undertaking. For the shyest, daintiest, flowerlike girl of our class, we wish a happy future.



DOROTHY RAMSEY McDONALD

MADISON, WEST VIRGINIA

Y. W. C. A. '26-'28, A. A. '26-'28, Hockey Team '26-'27, Baseball Team '27, Red Headed Club '26-'28, Music Club '28, Psychology Club '28, Golf Club '28.

"Two eyes of blue came smiling through" sunshine and storm when "Dot" is near. Though she has spent only two years in Mary Baldwin, the class has been happier for her loyalty and co-operation. Her lovely smile and gentle spirit soon won the hearts of her classmates, but her red-dish gold locks won for her membership in the exclusive Red Headed Club. In "Dot" we have seen the earnest Junior and the Senior of both charm and dignity. Golf and other outdoor activities find Dorothy ready to enter in with all her heart. May her smiling eyes win for her as many friends beyond the walls of Mary Baldwin as they have won within them.



DOROTHY JEAN MILLER

BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA

Y. W. C. A. '25-'28, Y. W. C. A. Committee '26-'28, French Club '26-'28, Class President '27-'28, BLUESTOCKING Staff '27, Cotillion Club '28, Psychology Club '26-'28, Vice-President Psychology Club '28.

"He's the last word" with "Dotty" positively—absolutely! We shall have to admit that Dorothy has carried off the laurels for being "the most in love." We have heard that love beautifies, and "Dotty" with her vivacious manner and sweet disposition is very convincing. A bit of temperament, a naive charm, and a conscientious regard for scruples enter into the making of her lovable nature. Dorothy made such a charming class president during our Junior year that we unanimously chose her for our Senior year, through which her sterling qualities and ability have lent presence and successful guidance.



MARGARET PATTERSON

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Y. W. C. A. '24-'27, A. A. '24-'27, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '25-'27, President Y. W. C. A. '27, Vice-President Senior Class '28, Captain Basketball Team '26, Basketball Team '25-'26, Psychology Club '26-'28, Choral Club '24-'27, Bluestocking Staff '27.

"Girl of our dreams, we love you." For two years "Pat" has been voted our ideal Mary Baldwin girl—and knowing her as we do, we realize more and more how worthy she is of this—the highest honor that we could bestow upon her. A girl who has high and exalted ideals as does "Pat" can not but serve as an ideal for others. Our Margaret is a true friend—not to one alone, but to all. Only a smile from her happy, courageous face gives one strength to face and conquer the problems that each day brings. Then—it is for her attractive personality, loyalty, and perfect sincerity that we love our "Pat."



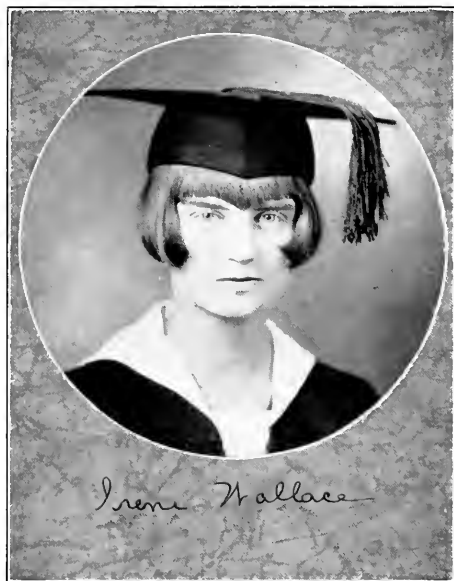
FRANCES MOORE RUCKMAN

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

BLUESTOCKING, Staff '27, Psychology Club '20-'28, Secretary and Treasurer
Psychology Club '28, Latin Club '25.

*"From the blue Alsatian Mountains
Came a maiden young and fair."*

In this day of psychoanalysis and sophistication of youth, Frances' eternal youth and sincerity come as a pleasing breeze from the mountain tops. In a group of girls from all parts of the country, this daughter of the beautiful Shenandoah Valley stands out as one possessing unusual charm of personality and ability to see and know only the best in this age of materialism. As the cool mountain stream sparkles and plays over the stones, so her laughter, quick repartee, and wit sparkles and plays in her daily life. Frances has been a Mary Baldwin girl from the grades up, and so for old sake's sake as well as for four happy college years, we wish for her the best the Valley and mountains heights have to bestow.



IRENE HYDEN WALLACE

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Psychology Club '27, '28, Chairman Program Committee Psychology Club '28

"Reading and Writing and Arithmetic"—was there ever a girl who knew so much about these, and every other phase of school work? We sometimes wonder how one small head can hold so much knowledge. We, as a class, and Mary Baldwin as a whole, are justly proud of Irene. There is not the least doubt in the minds of any of us, that she will be known all over the world for some great deed accomplished. Irene is not a girl possessed of intelligence alone. She has a sense of humor and wit that win for her many loyal comrades. Finally, we know that Irene is our friend— not just today nor tomorrow—but at such a time as "a feller needs a friend."



CAROLINE LEE WOOD

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

Y. W. C. A. '24-'28, A. A. '24-'28, Y. W. C. A. Committee '24-'26, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '26-'28, Treasurer Y. W. C. A. '27, President Y. W. C. A. '28, French Club '27, Psychology Club '27-'28, Secretary Sophomore Class '26, Business Manager *Miscellany* '26, Business Manager *BLUE-STOCKING* '27, Cotillion Club '25-'28.

"Among Our Souvenirs" there shall always linger echoes of Caroline's frank spontaneity and unfailing graciousness which have made the magnetic quality of her charm accessible to all. As a leader of unusual ability, and a student of high intellectual merit, we find in Caroline that altogether rare combination of beauty and brains. Her personality is always attractive in its gaiety and lovely generosity, and in its lasting influence has implanted Caroline in our hearts to stay. We feel that mere epithets can hardly do justice to Caroline—our ideal Mary Baldwin girl.



MRS. ALFRED GREEN

AND

ALFRED GREEN, JR.

*"Oh, hush thee, my baby, thy sire 'was a knight.
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright."*

Two years ago one of the most prominent sophomores was Miss Agnes Braxton. Along with the thrill of becoming Juniors, there came to the class of '28 the thrill of attending the wedding of one of their classmates. They who had so gladly welcomed her into the inner circle, saw her claimed and carried, by some one else, to the far South. Another commencement passed, and the class of '28 became the Senior class. To be a Senior is to realize the dreams of the under graduate years, and yet during this last and happiest year, the Seniors had their greatest—but most pleasant—surprise. This surprise enables the Seniors to boast of being the first class to have a grandson. This very important and distinguished young man is Master Alfred Green.

Seniors

SENIORS! How we have dreamed of the day when we might be called by that glorious name. We have been strengthened and encouraged by echoes from the past and in anticipation have looked into the future and heard them calling us, and now we are ringing the bell, not merely hearing the chimes resounding down into our little workshop. We have worked and labored earnestly and our efforts have been crowned with success. As the fireflies flit gracefully among the lengthening shadows, we eagerly ring the bell announcing the closing of a day while we fervently wait for the dawn of a new tomorrow. The past has been silver but the future will be golden.

But let us linger a while over our happy school days. What has college really meant to us all, happy times, a dream come true, friendships? Leaf by leaf we turn our memory book and see with dreamy eyes the memoirs of many joyous occasions. Faces of friends, remnants of banquets, programs from recitals—all flash into view bringing smiles or tears. All these things happened in our workshop as we toiled for four years making our bell so that its resonant sounds might be clear, pure, and harmonious. We tried to put only the best of ourselves into this stupendous undertaking. With steady hands we fashioned these bells—our characters, using only tools of honor and loyalty.

We have left many urgent tasks unfinished, but now our bell is made. Profiting by these mistakes, we hope to go clear-eyed into the future. Instead of sacrificing our spiritual values and moral obligations in characteristic artistic ruthlessness, they have been interwoven with the bell metal from the beginning. They have given strength to the bell as well as the haunting strain to its echoes. Another echo is beginning to sound faintly in the distance—the golden one calling us to life itself. The future, we dream of it, we long for it, but always forgetting that the present was at one time the desired future. What we did yesterday makes today, and influences tomorrow. The echo sounds louder—we must part from our friends, leaving them to follow echoes along other paths. But before we separate and have committed the age-old wrong of not giving those worthy of praise their just dues, we wish to take this opportunity in the fullest realization to acknowledge Miss Nancy McFarland as far above meaningless epithets, simply but truly our ideal of lovely womanhood.

There are but few to whom we may rightly apply these few words which make such a vast difference in one's estimation of character. For women are the same the world over, and only rarely do we find a truly lovely woman in both mind and body. Never once during our four years have we had reason to regret Miss Nancy's guiding power, for her wise counsel-ship has been unailing. We feel that her influence will always be a guiding star to lead us to noble endeavor.

Paradox

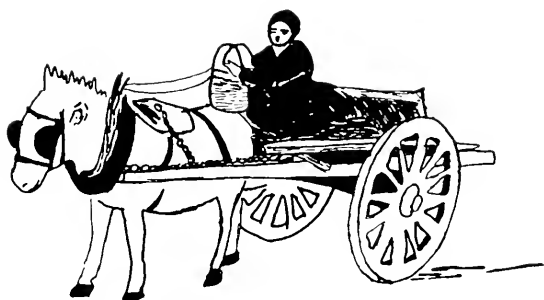
Makers of dreams
Most practical lovers of life?
Our paradox!

School done, and life just beginning;
That's but To-day's paradox
An epitome of them all,
For strange, blind truths we've labored here;
Getting through giving;
Conquering losers;
Enrichment through sharing;
Learning of truths through our errors;
Lost turned to gained,
Gained yet become as lost to the greater gained;
Character touching event.

And our teacher of such potent truths?
'Tis she—"Soul Mother,"
Whose breath of life we have breathed
For these four years—
She is the symbol to us of those things,
Which are her veriest birth and very life;
Faith that could see the invisible;
Intangible hopes made realities;
Spirit evaluating substance;
Visions endowed with existence;
Dreams hardly wrought to fulfillment;
Dreamers who lead and achieve.

Makers of dreams
Most practical lovers of life?
Our paradox!

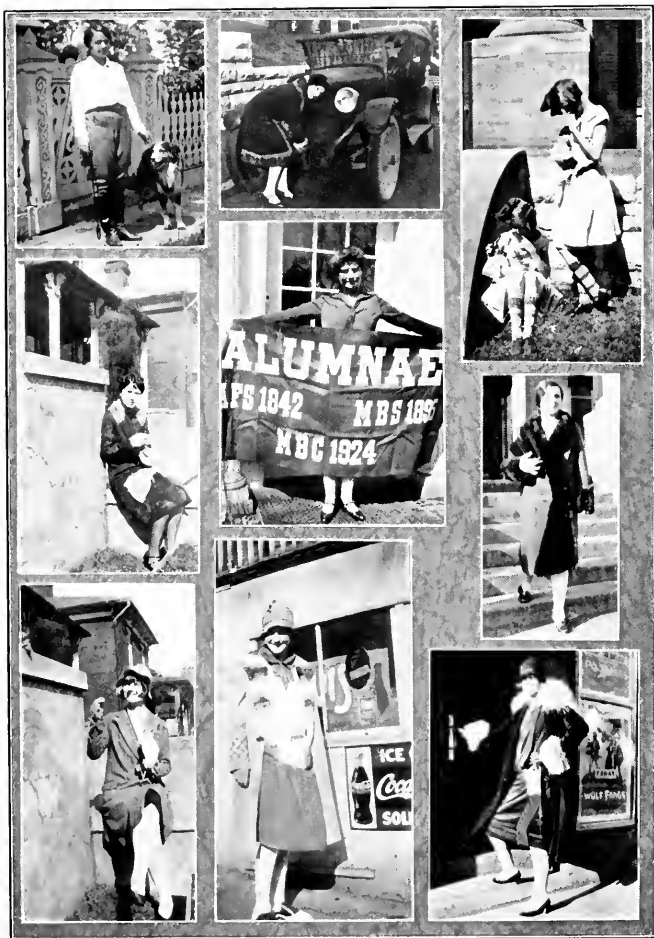
- CLARA REUBEL BEERY



The Editor's Echo

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF?

Dotty didn't mention Billy?
Helen didn't like Buicks?
Dot McDonald didn't have red hair?
Caroline couldn't have Vivy and Mildred?
Dolly didn't like doughnuts?
Clara didn't receive flowers and specials?
"E" Hume gained a pound?
Frances Ruckman didn't stop the class to ask questions?
Jeannette weren't a monkey?
Flora weren't burning the mid-night oil?
Elise shortened her skirts?
Henrietta stopped climbing posts?
Frances Ballenger lost Manuel?
Mary Edith didn't know her English?
Irene were separated from her bangs?
Pat didn't always have her ever-ready smile?
Kitty spoke out loud?
Louise hadn't had the mumps?
Virginia lost her dimple?



"Hobbies"



JUNIORS

"The work praises the artists."

—PROCTOR.

The Junior Class



ANNA CATHERINE McMAHON, *President*

FLOWER
Calendula



COLORS
Orange and Green





After the bells have been fashioned it is the privilege of those to whom they are passed on to add the delicate tracery which so enhances the beauty of the finished article. Only upon a solid foundation is it possible to form the exquisite patterns which transform the bell into an artistic masterpiece. Profiting by our mistakes during the shaping of our bells, we are now adorning them with the genuine symbols of purity and righteousness toward which we are striving.

All bells should be judged according to the environment from which they spring. Even the most crude, ill-shapen one should be held in respect if it is the best of its workman's ability. Since our advantages have been so numerous, it is our duty to make our bells speak of refinement and polish, so that those who come after our departure, may point to a worthy piece of work left behind as a monument to our undying devotion.



The Junior Class

IN THE publication of the 1928 BLUESTOCKING, the Junior class has reached the height of the climactic career which has been theirs during the past three years. As we find them in the workshop, so to speak, carrying out that peculiarly suitable motto, "The End Crowns the Work (Finis Coronat Opus)" we find our memories reviewing a noteworthy assemblage of accomplishments on the part of the Class of '29, accomplishments which have ever revolved around one word, "Service." Truly it would be a difficult task to find any organization which has so faithfully followed an ideal, noble to the utmost degree of nobility.

A review of achievements first recalls that group of girls who were elected to the various offices in the Freshman Class of '25-'26—freshmen who started on the glorious adventure "under the auspices of Miss Harris." (With further apologies to Horace, we might add a bit more truth to the parody, and say, "Do not despair with Miss Harris as leader.") There was Dorothy Wigginton from Louisiana, who occupied with charming grace, the president's chair. And can we ever forget the lovely toastmistress, our first vice-president, Mary Garland Taylor, made at that great social event, the Freshman-Junior Banquet? Then there was Wilhelmina Eskridge, who labored long and sometimes, according to Miss Harris, in a slightly procrastinating manner, over a secretary book which emerged at last worthy of an orange and green binding and a noteworthy place among the "traditions." As a financier during those precarious days—Freshman apprenticeship—Myra Gene Stollard officiated with excellent shrewdness. With the orange and green banner in the hands of its standard bearers—and with the Shamrock green and each petal glowing with vitality; to the strains of the class song, "The Orange and The Green," which had been composed by the secretary, Wilhelmina Eskridge, the class moved forward, becoming more and more worthy of occupying a niche in the gallery of Mary Baldwin's celebrities.

So with the realization of service uppermost on the escutcheon, the Sophomore year dawned. Anna Catherine McMahon was elected president; Effie Anderson, secretary; and Jennie Hunt began her Hamiltonian (or shall we say "Harrisonian") career as treasurer. Sales and more sales! At times it seemed as though the idealistic word "service" was to be submerged beneath that ubiquitous and materialistic word, "sale!" But in such service, practicable and remunerative funds were realized which made possible the birth of another tradition—that delightful trip to Lexington, when the Sophomores take the Seniors—their sister class.

The Sophomore year was an important one. The foundation laid as Freshmen was cemented and made firm and more lasting as progressive Sophomores. Toward the latter part of the year, the class elected the body of girls who have edited this annual. A second year of service and delightful fellowship had come to an end, and the responsibility and glory of an outstanding year lay before the class of '29. Why dally with idle words, when we hold in our hands a monument, truly splendid, of the Junior Class of Mary Baldwin—the class of '29. They have accomplished a great feat; they have achieved an ideal, and as we read their book—our annual, we join with each of our fellow students, in giving honor where honor is due, and with one accord we give a ringing cheer—"The Class of '29."

The Orange and The Green

Words by Wilhelmina Eskridge.

Tune, The Wearing of The Green

There's a class in dear old M. B. C. That known will always be. Sure it's the Class of

Twenty-nine, The Orange and the Green. "Finis Coronat Opus" In - spires us in our

strife, And may those words for ever be The motto of each life.

There's a class in dear old M. B. C.
That known will ever be.
Sure, it's the Class of '29,
The Orange and the Green.
"Finis coronat opus"
Inspires us in our strife,
And may these words forever be
The motto of each life.

REFRAIN

Yes, our emblem is the shamrock,
True service is our goal;
And loyal to our class we'll be
Throughout the years to come,
So here's to Mary Baldwin!
And we'll lift our old caubeen—
The sturdy Class of '29,
The Orange and the Green.



"THE WORKSHOP"



sophomores

"Come, my lads, we must make the bell today."

—SCHILLER.

The Sophomore Class



MARY DUNLAP DRAPER, *President*

FLOWER

American Beauty Rose

MOTTO

Esse Quam Videri

COLORS

Red and Gold

MISS MILDRED CAMPBELL.....*Faculty Adviser*





For a year, we toiled in the depths carrying the ore for our bells, and now we have had the joy of fashioning them after our own ideals. In what shape are our bells molded? Some are round indicating a fullness of knowledge, others are square, signifying an equitable conscience, and still others are polygonal denoting masters of many arts. But into all we have put our best which at times, perhaps, has been no better than some other person's worst. However, faults which have been eradicated are as constructive to character as the weak spots, in bells, which have been extirpated in order to strengthen the mass. We have hammered and chiseled down in our workshop, we have observed, meditated, and experimented in





our efforts to fashion this masterpiece, always looking forward to the great moment when the first echo of our bells should resound in the distance. Now the work stands ready for the final tracery! And now we, after digging and casting in the depths of the mines and working so long in the lower rooms, are to be admitted to those upper workshops and to the joy and glories of upper classmen. The bell is cast, the bell is made, and we have finished our apprenticeship. With tremulous hearts and loving hands, we are ready and eager to finish our bell and show it to the world, and let its echoes roll from class to class. It has taken us a long time to get started for, to impatient youth "waiting with eager feet where the brook and river meet," two years seem a long time. We have only begun to feel our way through the vast labyrinth of life, for as yet, we have no bell to guide us by its little tinkle. But henceforth, we shall step out as befits those of rank to a high calling.



The Sophomore Class

TO BE rather than to seem," is our class motto, and this expresses the ideal for which we have continually striven.

Although we are only two years old, as Miss Higgins can testify, since she lighted both our first and second birthday candles, we are a very active class, and casual observers might take us for a much older one. However, to those who have watched our progress through our Freshman and Sophomore years, it does not seem extraordinary.

From the first, we have been a friendly class—one that likes to entertain and to be entertained. Our first venture in the social world was a tea given to the faculty, and considering our extreme nervousness, was a very successful affair. This was only the beginning of a series of charming entertainments, among which were a banquet for the class of '28, and a birthday party for ourselves. The last was, of course, the most important event in our Freshman year. Birthday parties are always interesting, and this one was especially so since it vitally concerned every member of the class. The most significant part of the program was, perhaps, the initiation of our beautiful banner of red and gold, class motto, and resolutions.

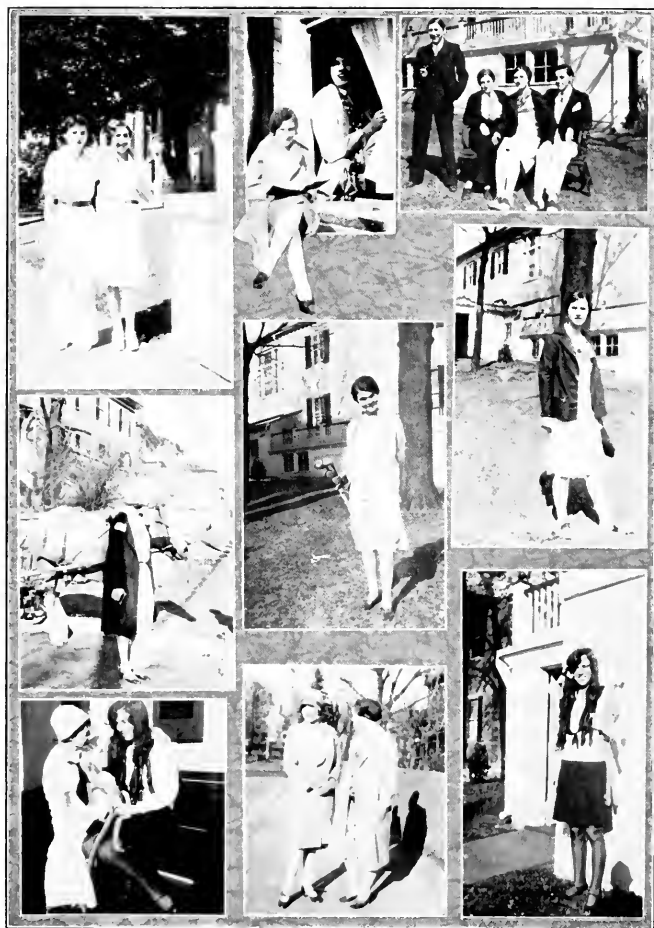
The most outstanding event in our Sophomore year was our trip to Natural Bridge, and Lexington. The Senior Class with their sponsor were our guests for the day, and from the time we entered the two large busses until we returned that evening, tired but happy, there was a general air of enjoyment. We not only had the opportunity of visiting one of the most marvelous wonders of the South, but also had a delicious dinner, after which we drove to Lexington, where we visited Lee's Chapel and also drove through the campus of Washington and Lee University, and Virginia Military Institute.

Our pirate party was another delightful occasion. The gymnasium was decorated in such a manner as to give the general appearance of a ship. The Sophomores were dressed as pirates and boldly welcomed all those who bravely crossed the gangplank. The visitors drank from suspicious looking bottles, in a truly pirate fashion, and foolishly flirted with every pretty girl that passed.

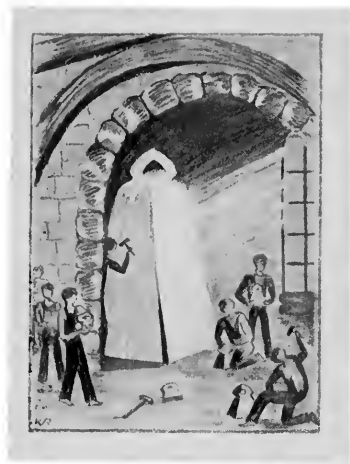
Our second birthday was equally as successful as our first. Again Miss Higgins was our guest of honor and charmingly performed the ceremony of lighting our two candles.

The class of 1930 exhibits various talents, not the least of which is dramatic ability. Two plays have been most successfully presented by our class—"Fascinating Fanny Brown" in our Freshman year, and "The Élopement of Ellen" when we were Sophomores. It was really a very pleasant surprise to find, in our class, several girls who could, on the stage at least, appear, even to the most critical eye, quite masculine. Of course the other parts were easy to fill, for we are bountifully supplied with attractive girls who seem to have a natural bent for the stage. It has been said that the success of a play may be estimated by the size of the audience, if this be true, and there is certainly no proof to the contrary, both of our plays might be termed most successful achievements.

Such are the annals of our class, and we leave it to your judgment as to whether or not we have lived up to our motto, "*Esse quam videri.*"



"LORDS OF THE CAMPUS"

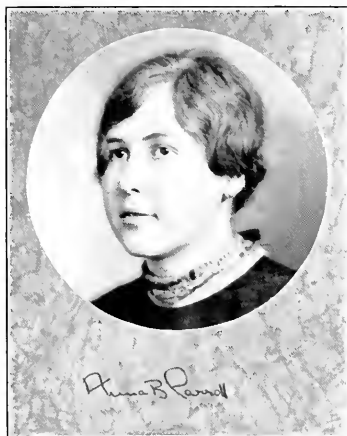


Freshmen

"A workman is known by his work."

—BUCHERSTIFF.

The Freshman Class



ANNA B. CARROLL, *President*

FLOWER

Lily-of-the-Valley

MOTTO

Virtus milice scuta

COLORS

White and Green

MISS HELEN BOATFIELD.....*Faculty Adviser*





It is not an easy task to become initiated into the art of bell making, since it involves the transformation of an old life into a new one. To work under orders, to carry burdens from mine to workshop, to stimulate unused powers both of mind and body. We have piled the bell metal upon disks, and pulled them into the workshop for the busy workmen. We have watched the soiled, grimy ore transformed into lustrous bronze which catches the sunlight and shadows. We have learned to work "peaceably with all men," to give and to take with equal unselfishness, to live and let live. All these experiences have fitted us for the greater task of making the bells, each molding her bell after the goodness of her own character, for "as a man thinketh, so is he." We started at the bottom and are working eagerly for the time when our bells shall send forth friendly echoes.





While waiting for the castle gates to open, we talked of the days to come, of new tasks and fun. The bells of the castle tower fascinated us with their beautiful workmanship and clear notes that resounded in the distant mountains. At last the gate slowly swung forward, and we were permitted to enter into the promised land. How eagerly we crossed the threshold and passed into the unknown territory—so strange and vast and busy—and gazing about we felt our insignificance. We were escorted to the workroom, deep in the mines, and our education began. Going to and fro from the mines as we passed the upper workshops where the finishing touches were being made, we caught glimpses of "Seventh Heaven." With added zest and ardor, we worked with renewed efforts gathering our ore in preparation for casting our bell in the Sophomore workshop.



The Freshman Class

WE USED to have a dog who every time anyone said, "rats," would prick up his ears with curiosity. Now while comparisons are odious, nevertheless thinking back over the situation we can not help but smile at the similarity between Rover's perked ears and the upper classmen's glance of interest, at the first of the year, as we appeared upon the horizon. Unsuspecting at the beginning, soon we began to grow suspicious and hurried along with downcast eyes only to hear, "rat, you may have the pleasure of making my bed tomorrow morning." In all probability, we had only ten other beds to make, but that was a very small matter. After the first few days of homesickness had passed, and we began to feel that we were still alive and able to smile, we realized that these little remarks were purely friendly and really helped us to get acquainted.

When we were children we did not realize our helplessness, and thus our peace of mind was saved, however, now that we have turned babies again for one year, our embarrassment has been called forth upon many occasions. How were we to know that no one speaks during the time that the mail is distributed, and that one does not raise one's hand in class? But we learned easily and quickly as befitted our low estate. We have been tolerated as a necessary evil, looked upon as maids of all work, but with it all we have been accepted as pals.

When first we stood in the court, viewing our future home, we gazed wide-eyed at the numerous steps and immense buildings. When we saw the winding covered way, our hearts sank, for we wondered how we should ever find our way around such passages. We saw old girls greeting each other rapturously, and running eagerly from building to building. Various pantomimes were enacted in kaleidoscopic fashion before our dazed eyes. We thought of the long, weary months between September and May, and the thoughts of mother and home brought into our throats lumps which no amount of gulping could exterminate. But presently some one linked arms with us, urging us to join in some sport or merrymaking, and that lonesome feeling disappeared. Then we plunged into class work, which meant scurrying from one room to another only to find that the room for which we were searching was not on that floor at all. An hour for each class seemed a long time to us, for after our long summer vacation any time spent in a classroom seemed an unnecessary waste of precious moments. But after a while, all this became a part of our life, we found our niche and learned to throw our selves wholeheartedly into the game. The fact that we were able so soon to adapt ourselves to our new surroundings was largely due to the kindness and thoughtfulness of our sponsor, Miss Boatfield, who helped us over the rough places, and gave us courage to take our few toddling steps so that next year we may increase in strength and knowledge.



FRESHMAN SNAPS



SENIOR SPECIALS

*"The song that we hear with our ears is only the
song that is sung in our hearts."*

—OYDA.

The Senior Special Class



CLARA REUBEL BEERY, *President*

MOTTO

Artis Gratia

COLORS

Green and Silver

FLOWER

Mountain Laurel

OFFICERS

CLARA REUBEL BEERY.....*President*

MARY VIRGINIA LEAP.....*Secretary and Treasurer*



DOROTHEA ELEANORA
DILS

PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

GRADUATE IN ART

"With Eyes so blue and dreaming"

Perhaps her dreaming carries her to the land of sounds and fancy. There our minds cannot follow, nor here can our words express her infinite sweetness. Her rare smile has won for Dorothea the friendship and love of those in the Art Studio. Dot has the ability of coöperation, and the intellect to carry through whatever she undertakes. She not only produces beautiful pictures on paper but also keeps her mind filled with beautiful thoughts.

NETTIE DU BOSE JUNKIN

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

GRADUATE IN VOICE

*"The song is ended but the melody
lingers on."*

Nettie so completely charms her audience when she sings that the melody cannot be forgotten. Just as the echo of her song lingers with us, so do the impressions of her personality. Charming, poised, and all that is lovable, is Nettie. However, her ability is not confined to producing melody for Nettie is a practical thinker and worker. She goes about her work with a purpose, and scatters sunshine and cheer along whatever path she takes.



MARY VIRGINIA LEAP

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

GRADUATE IN PIANO AND ORGAN

*"Carry me back to the sunshine of
Virginia."*

As our Class Secretary and Treasurer, Virginia has more than fulfilled the office. We admire the quiet, earnest way in which she goes about her work. As keys open Chests, so the keys Virginia strikes open our hearts to her, our friend. Virginia has not only the ability to win friends, but, what is for better, the ability of keeping them. She is a girl who lets her deeds speak rather than her words and her helpful deeds are many.

MILDRED DAVISON
LOEWNER

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

GRADUATE IN VOICE

"Songs my mother taught me—"

when sung by Mildred, make us live again the days when mother sang us to sleep. As Birds call and woo with sweet, trilling notes, so Mildred calls and wins our hearts. The richest carol or note, of all the singing throats, is Mildred's. If one needs inspiration there is no better way of getting it than to listen to Mildred's cheery notes. However, she not only cheers her friends by her songs but also by her winsome smile and kindly deeds.



MARY MOORE PANCAKE

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

GRADUATE IN PIANO

*"Pack up your troubles in your old
kit bag and smile."*

Mary Moore's smile will long live in the hearts of her classmates and those still at Mary Baldwin. The fairy hands of fancy gave to her an odd little personality all happy and gay. Her society, friendship, and love are sought by all. However, Mary does not rely upon her smile, but works with a definite purpose for what she wishes to achieve. Her goodness of heart, loyalty of purpose, and earnest endeavor will undoubtedly bring to her the desires of her heart.

MILDRED LEE TOWNLEY

RONCEVERTE, WEST VIRGINIA

GRADUATE IN ART

*"There's something nice about everyone
—But there's everything nice about you."*

Mildred is the possessor of a conflicting personality which embodies a pleasing frankness, a dash of wit, an abundance of talent, and a bit of mischievousness. We wish for her a brilliant future on the canvas of life. Many people have talents, but Mildred uses hers. As an artist Mildred puts herself into her work and her productions have life and vitality. Moreover, she is not only an artist but a practical worker for social well-being.



"THE ARTISTS"



DOMESTIC SCIENCE SENIORS



*"How charming is divine philosophy!
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets."*

—MILTON.

Domestic Science

IN THE days of trailing calico and low-heeled, ribbon-laced pumps, every lass had to sew a fine seam and make light bread. With curls tucked back of ears, and a huge gingham apron tied about a wee waist, our grandmothers went into the kitchen to cook. The kitchens were large with innumerable steps between stove and table, table and pump, wood-shed and wood-box. The only convenient stores were the large storerooms and pantries of the houses; there were no modern white markets, bakeries, and caterers. Saturdays were reserved for the week's baking and elaborate preparations for the big meal on Sunday. Pies cooled in the airy kitchen while the left-over batters and pie crust were made into little tarts and cookies for the cookie-jar. Today the girl who enters the kitchen to do more than just serve a meal—a meal obtained from a caterer, corner grocery, or nearby delicatessen—does so because she is interested in cooking as an art and science. Modern science has changed the old wood stove to the modern gas stove and electric range, the pump with its wooden pump box to the shining sinks and tubs of today. The modern kitchen is small, well lighted and ventilated; the modern girl who enters it is simply dressed, ready to work. The drudgery of house-keeping has disappeared with the new conveniences.

The Domestic Science Students are studying because they are interested in the Art and Science of Cooking. For two years they study and cook in the sunny kitchen on the top floor of Sky High; but the second year is the most fascinating. The seniors twice a week plan a menu and prepare it. To be invited to have dinner in the Domestic Science dining room is next to having a week-end at home. They are not merely dinners, but dinner parties. To those who are not in the Domestic Science department, the glimpses of wonderful birthday cakes which they make for their special friends, make our hearts heavy with longing and admiration. Surely if all domestic science students are as good cooks and dietitians as ours, few will be able to say that the art of cooking has disappeared. These girls understand all about the mysteries of vitamins "A," "B," and "C," and the caloric is as common to them in their daily discussion as English or History is to the rest of us. Food is the school girl's delight, to some her work and play; but to those who do not belong with the little group who cook in Sky-High, it is the cause of great sadness and much speculation. If it were not for the fact that one must study Chemistry in order to attain the heights of one's ambition, we all would be Domestic Science Seniors. Yet there are a few of us who delight in the culinary efforts of our friends, but who would not make good cooks. Therefore, realizing our limitations, and in accord with the mode of the day, we are all specialists and happy so to be. The girl who specializes in Domestic Science, is the one we wish the happiest, merriest life, and the one for whom we wish someone to cook for.



Even in mystic, far-away Ireland, womanly attributes are admired above all other arts. The dinner bell calls many more warriors to action than the clarion sound, and its echo resounding among the hills wields a mighty influence among the workmen. Domestic life is the most pleasing to man everywhere, and brings comfort to lonely and weary hearts. In little thatched cottages or palatial mansions the ring of a personality overflowing with true hospitality, is constantly echoing from corner to corner.

In these progressive days it is not necessary for women to toil over spinning wheels or to comb flax by a large wood fire, but the housekeeping art has never been more desired than now. If the home is to keep pace with the business and social life, it is necessary for it to have a scientific basis, therefore no group of students can be more essential to social progress than Domestic Science Seniors.





"WHY MEN LEAVE HOME"



CERTIFICATE COURSES

*"How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear."*

—ANON.



Certificate Courses

IF YOU come by the typing room on one of the last days of the month, you will perhaps meet Mrs. Yount in the hall with watch in hand and a silencing expression on her face. Inside the room a typewriter will be heard racing madly—someone is taking a speed test with the ambitious hope of getting a medal award. These speed tests are but one of the many ways in which the student is encouraged to do her best in the Secretarial Course.

This course ordinarily requires a two years' study of shorthand, typewriting, and bookkeeping, and the winners of the secretarial certificates tell us very emphatically that these two years represent genuine work. The classes are small, and each student receives individual attention—attention that corrects errors as soon as they appear and never allows the interest to wane. A more thorough pursuit of the course could not well be planned.

The department is as yet small, but every year more students realize the desirability of a Secretarial Certificate. The advantages of such a course are many besides those judged from a monetary standpoint. The vocabulary is greatly enriched by a study of shorthand; accuracy and rapid co-ordination of thought follow in the wake of typewriting; while bookkeeping has rewards all its own in clear and methodical thinking. Even those who do not plan to enter the business world would do well to include a study of these in their curriculum.



college specials



*"Music was a thing of the soul;
A rose-lipped shell that
Murmured of the eternal sea."*

—HOLLAND.

Music Specials



Left to right—P. ADKINS, A. DAVENPORT, V. SHANNON, M. ROUTE, L. TORRENCE, E. SMITH, E. GARLAND, H. MORRISON

Left to right, top—D. BRODILACKER, C. DANIELS, M. SPINDLE, L. BOWMAN

HAVE you ever tried to realize what Mary Baldwin would be without its music department? What a real loss it would be? Music is a source of inspiration; it expresses one's feelings; we are able to make others experience our emotions through music—therefore, it is an art. Music touches the chords of one's better nature and so leads to higher paths. It gives flavor, color, variety to an otherwise material existence. It furnishes us a means of escape through which we may forget the sordid and material side of life. We appreciate the importance of cultivating all the arts, and our music specials are assuming the responsibility for part of this task. How much we owe to this class, we can hardly realize. Their patience and endurance must be great, but they are more than repaid in that they serve as an inspiration to others. That in itself is a great privilege. Let us then appreciate more fully our music students who make life more beautiful for us, and at times even bear us away with them on the silvery clouds of the muses.

Specials



*First row, left to right—L. CARMICHAEL, E. HAMMOND, M. McDONALD, K. SULTAN, S. WRIGHT, G. LOWELL, M. TOWALAY, E. BONLEY, S. WRIGHT, L. ARMENTROUT, E. MURDOCK, E. FIELDS, A. MACDONALD, K. DUNTON.
Second row, left to right—C. RAMSAY, L. SCALES, J. MILLER, M. MILLER, A. TURNER, M. DIXON,
E. TOOMER, H. PRUITT, D. DILES.
Third row, left to right—M. WATTS, E. HARMON, M. BROWN, M. FITZHUGH, M. LYLE,
J. HAYNES, ST. C. SMITH*

THE Specials, a group made up of those interested in Art, Dramatics, Secretarial courses, and Physical Education, play an important part in the every day drama of college life. We do not always take them seriously, as we seldom see them at work. The art students spend hours behind the closed door of the studio; those studying expression disappear, book in hand, into Miss Harwood's studio; future secretaries pound the typewriter furiously; and girls in Physical Education play in the gym by themselves or with the small girls. Therefore, to us, their work is all play until spring time reveals what they have been doing behind those doors. The annual Art exhibit, the play, the May Day Pageant, and medals awarded to students in typing, all prove that they have not been idle while we worried with Latin and Mathematics.

The specials are frequently spoken of in awed tones, as those set apart from ordinary folk. Though we realize that they are working all during the year, when we see an exhibition of their talents we are overwhelmed with admiration.

The Other Half of The College

THOU' wast built of dreams, Mary Baldwin—" and where do we find more dreamers, more idealists than among our group of Specials? Many people believe that the ideal person is one who dreams, one who fastens his aim and ideal on the most distant star, and yet has enough realism to make his life successful and worthwhile. Just as the regular college students are planning futures of great conquest, so the musicians, the expression students, and those who are specializing in other departments are planning bright days to come. The music students vision large audiences, beautiful concert balls, or a golden dream of the operatic stage—flowers and great cities. With high ideals and earnest endeavor, they practice for hours and then give charming programs which make us proud to claim them as fellow students. To be sure, there lies ahead of them more strenuous work and years of effort, but practically all of our organ, piano, and voice students promise success in larger fields of music. We may work and dream as earnestly over our academic studies, but we can not give the pleasure to others that the Specials can with their musical treats.

Nor is it the music students alone who are able to turn a dull or perhaps even a sad hour into a joyous one. We can hardly think of our Specials without recalling the last and very delightful program rendered by the Department of Expression. This department has a large place in preparing the May Day program, with the May Queen and her court, dances, and different colorful pageants. In this the students, in the Department of Physical Education, join the other Specials to make it the great fête of the year. In fact, the artistic, gay, colorful, picturesque side of our school life is made possible by the help of the special departments.

On the top floor of Sky High, in the studio, we find drawing tables, drawing books, easels, posters, modeled cottages, and other equipment. Here the artists of this group work and make their dreams come true on paper; from here many have gone out to win fame and prizes in the world of art. In this room much of the work on our annual is done, and all the art work for the book. The gay and attractive posters which decorate our bulletin boards are designed and painted by the students in the studio. Not only do they make fascinating decorations, posters, clay houses, oil paintings, water colors, but also hand-painted dresser scarfs, trays, and lamp shades.

No matter in which department these students are specializing, they contribute much to the color and life of Mary Baldwin. They have their ideals and aims and try to work them out in the problems of everyday life in which one finds so much materialism. It was dreams such as these along with dreams of an increased and strong academic system that made Mary Baldwin the school of high standing that it is today. The Specials of Mary Baldwin are our idealists, the students working for an academic degree our realists, and together they work and play, each contributing to the other. The result is the ideal Mary Baldwin girl, an ideal realist.



PREPARATORY

"Ring out the old, ring in the new."

—TENNYSON.

Fourth-Year Preparatory



DOROTHY RUMPF, *President*

COLORS
Blue and Gold

MOTTO
Carpe Diem

FLOWER
Yellow Roses





We have not yet been privileged to enter the workshop, nor even to carry the bell metal to the workers, but we have rounded the first corner of our journey. Only those who have struggled up those same steps can appreciate our accomplishments, for we have learned the science of making a bell. Nothing that is worth while can be done without first acquiring the method of procedure. With the reminiscence of such knowledge we are hurrying forward to begin the bell construction.

They have pictured us as little children gazing wonderingly up at the tall towers, and castle gate. But in our estimation we are quite grown-up, full fledged, and ready to try our wings in any direction. All the paths look so inviting, so tempting, so delightful to our bright eyes. The backwood path was so long and tiresome at times, but now we have reached the bell tower itself and life looms ahead.



Third-Year Preparatory



First row, left to right L. TUPPER, S. SUMNER, K. WHITTET, P. SHALTER, E. KELBY, M. MORELY,
D. CUMMINGS

Second row, left to right M. McDONALD, K. GORI, R. BRADLEY, L. MOORE, M. LITTLE, E. BALDWIN

OF ALL the years in preparatory, the gayest is the third year. As the students emerge into the sophomore year, seriousness fades and vanishes but returns in a more dignified form in the senior year. This carefree year sees the blossoming of talents and beauty of those striving for commencement day. The Junior confidently reads Cicero, writes humorous themes, reads Shakespeare with great understanding, and dares to linger in going to study hall. We are glad—yes, even grateful—to the Juniors for their spirit and joy in life, for the halls would be dark and dreary with only sad faced Freshmen and dignified Seniors occupying them. People often speak of the “Jolly Juniors,” and how correctly that statement bears itself out. They have fun, they make fun, they are fun! Can anything more appropriate be said about the girls in the third year Preparatory Class, or could we pay them a higher compliment? If we should find these girls without a smile, then we should know that the mantle of darkness had indeed fallen over the earth. Don’t lose your cheery smiles, girls, for smiles are the salt of the earth.

Second-Year Preparatory



Left to right—G. SYDENSTRICKER, M. CONLAN, M. RUSSELL, B. WATSON, G. HEDDLISTON, M. L. JACK, M. SMITH, J. KIEFFER, B. BOWMAN

AS YOU cross the rough and treacherous breakwater of the inlet and sail for the harbor, you come upon a bay of such delightful calmness that the tenor of the bar and the peace and joy of the harbor are forgotten. The quiet waters of the bay might well represent the Preparatory Sophomore Class. The first year is safely behind and the fourth year with its dangers ahead, while the present is merely a dreamy, happy existence. Some one has said that sophomores are the most indifferent people in schools today, and yet from this group of second year students come the Juniors admired by all. For this Sophomore Class we wish a happy Junior and a glorious Senior year in Preparatory school. In the meantime enjoy your calm sailing, for it can not last. Sometimes it is even better to be stoics, for they have the gift of taking things as they come. They never see a bridge until they have to lower the sails which are already touching the top as the ship rides upon the billows. This delightful sense of indifference has its advantages over the worry-at-all times attitude. The deep waters seem more to be desired than the incessant fretting and rolling around the shores. So strike out into deep water, carrying your nonchalance along as your buoy.

First-Year Preparatory



Left to right: C. WHITTIER, K. RAWLINGS, S. E. JOHNSON, L. REDMAN, B. WATTS, J. S. BEAR

TO BE a Freshman is to suffer the greatest of torments: torments of doubt, homesickness, and general misgivings in the regions of our hearts. A new girl and Freshman in College means one thing, but to be a new girl and Freshman in the Preparatory Department means another. A college girl, no matter in what year, has met and conquered Latin conjugation and the mysteries of algebra, but a poor Freshman in Preparatory has not only new social difficulties to meet, but also those in the class room. The anticipation of becoming a fourth year girl, and the heavenly dreams of being a college student, makes us worry over English themes and conjugate *amo, amas, amat* amid the busy hum in the study hall. And yet to be a Freshman with so many opportunities opening to one, is a state to be coveted. As Freshmen in high school, we must assume greater responsibilities and exert our energies in more womanly occupations than we did in the grammar school. Bells must be promptly answered, rooms must be kept in order, and classes regularly attended. It is a busy life, but one which we all enjoy after we have become thoroughly accustomed to it.

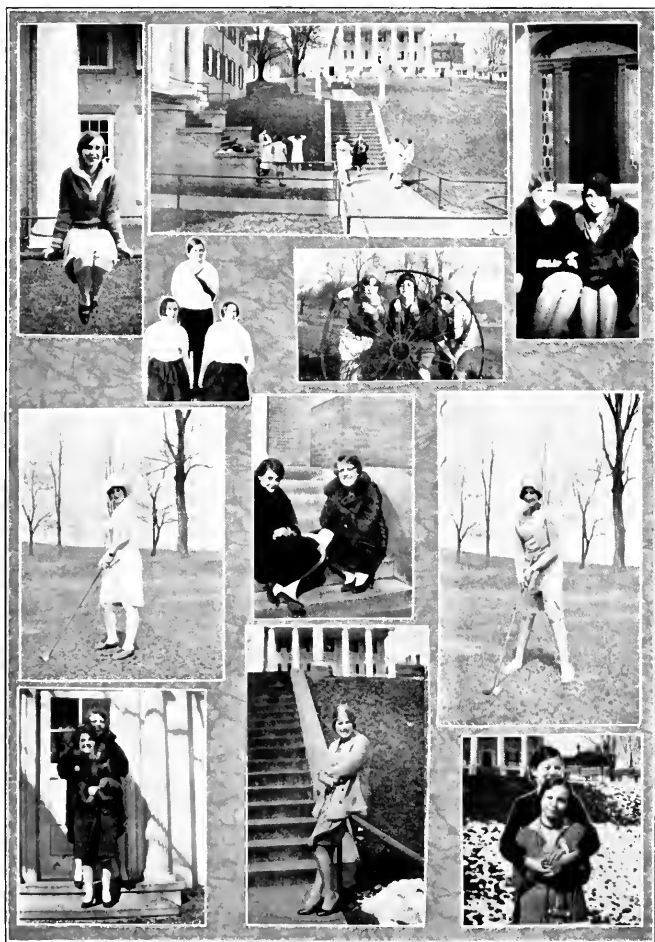
1928

Preparatory Specials



*First row, left to right—M. BLAKLEY, L. VINCENT, L. FOULKES, C. WILLIAMS, R. L. OTT, G. DAVIS, A. WILSON
Second row, left to right—K. YIELDING, M. MOUNTCASTLE, E. SULLIVAN, M. HUGHES, L. MITCHELL,
D. HUTCHINGS, M. BLUF, P. COUDERT*

THE Preparatory Specials are, perhaps, our most talented students. In this group we find the musicians, the readers, and those who have special talents in academic subjects. At times, we feel that they take life rather lightly, but when we listen to them play and sing, we realize that only hard work and practice results in such finished performances. And when those specializing in languages are awarded prizes and medals, we all feel that perhaps we would rather be specials. To this happy and worth-while group we turn for friends as well as for entertainment. We wish them the very best in life—high ideals, hard work, and jolly good times. For is not true happiness found in earnest effort to attain one's ideals, in giving one's best service to bring joy into the lives of others, and do not such efforts deserve laughter and sunshine mingled with serious endeavor? If this is true, and we heartily agree that it is, the Specials have found the key to success and the high road to a broader and fuller life; a road that is narrow and ever rising to heights of all that is desirable. To young people, the invitation to travel dusty roads is not attractive, but in this case, the road has many cool, shady spots made especially for enjoyment.



"PREPARING FOR GOOD TIMES"



ECHOES OF THE FEAST OF TARA



PUBLICATIONS

*"Bending to one another
Speaking each his part they infinitely echo."*

—LINDSAY.

An Appreciation

MISS GERTRUDE ELLEN MEYER

WHOSE initials rightly spell gem, has been our inspiration, and has co-operated with us in the stupendous task of making this BLUESTOCKING a success. She has given us willingly her love and sympathy and has been an ideal whom we are proud to follow.



MISS GERTRUDE ELLEN MEYER



Bluestocking Staff



As members of THE BLUESTOCKING staff, we have had to profit bitterly by our mistakes, and to learn that experience is the best teacher. We have learned that to laugh at our errors means success in the long run, and that to work harmoniously with each other requires tact and forbearance. This BLUESTOCKING has been edited for your benefit, and we have keenly felt the responsibility. However, we have gladly given of our time and thought for this—your Annual.

To the Senior Class we bestow this annual, for they have had the harrassing experience of working on the same great task. To the Sophomores we extend sympathy and heart-felt wishes for success in their next year's undertaking.



The Bluestocking Staff

ANNA CATHERINE McMAHON.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
EFFIE ANDERSON.....	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
NANCY COOPER JOHNSON.....	<i>Feature Editor</i>
MARY GARLAND TAYLOR.....	<i>Feature Editor</i>
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ELIZABETH BURNS.....	<i>Joke Editor</i>
RUTH NAFF.....	<i>Joke Editor</i>
KATHERINE WALKER.....	<i>Art Editor</i>
MARIE GORDON MACDONALD.....	<i>Art Editor</i>
CORINNE PERRY.....	<i>Art Editor</i>
GRAYSON BALDWIN.....	<i>Athletic Editor</i>



Why Editors go Insane

SCENE—*Tables are pulled together to supply plenty of working space, the editors are seated carelessly upon piles of books, art boards, and incidentally chairs.*

ANNA C. (*putting on some intellectual looking glasses and trying to look serious*):

Will you scatter yourselves so that I may see about the material for the copy?

JENNIE: Well, the Sophomores gave us fifty dollars yesterday, so we may be extravagant this evening.

NANCY: Get that cat out of this studio before I spend that fifty dollars for chloroform. What did you say, Burns?

BURNS: Nothing! I was just talking to myself—it's so amusing.

MARY GARLAND: Listen, Anna C., how is this for a quotation for the *Mumme*—"The old echoes are long in dying"?

EFFIE: Heavens! They won't take that for much of a compliment. Let's allow them the pleasure of living a while longer.

BURNS: Isn't that just like Effie trying to be unselfish even to the Phantom Echoes?

ANNA C.: You all remind me of the lonesome lady who prayed nothing for herself, but wished the Lord would send her mother a son-in-law.

JENNIE (*looking self-conscious*): Now really, this is beyond me.

NANCY (*aside*): Hasn't Jerry written lately?

ANNA C.: Gracious, I'm hungry. Let's serve refreshments next time.

EFFIE: Personally I prefer to go to bed.

ANNA C.: You mutts get to work, and remember that THE BLUESTOCKING must go to press some day.

NANCY: I refuse to be called a mutt—that means dog.

ANNA C. (*hastily*): It's just a term of endearment like adorable, only different.

NANCY: What's that noise back in the dark room? (*All squint their eyes, prick up their ears and listen intently.*)

ELIZABETH: Oh, it's probably Anna C.'s prayer coming true.

NANCY: Let's get out of here before that ghost walks in upon us.

BURNS: Law me! If it's a man, let's stay.

JENNIE: Do you know that it is ten-thirty, and I am sleepy?

ANNA C.: Well, we'll go as soon as you tell me whether this is supposed to be a write-up or a walking dictionary. I never saw so many enormous words in my life.

JENNIE: That reminds me of the time I was riding horseback on my estate.

EFFIE (*sarcastically*): You girls stick to the subject so beautifully; we are editing an annual, not a biography.

(*With one accord the editors gather up their materials and prepare to leave the battlefield. After much giggling they depart, leaving havoc in their wake.*)

NOTE:—If any one wishes to dramatize this remarkable truth, this scene should be repeated every night for six months.

After the Battle

SCENE—*A college room with twin beds very much in evidence. Reclining upon these beds after the fashion of Cleopatra, are the languishing editors.*

JENNIE (*coily dropping cracker crumbs over the bed spread*): Please do not mention money to me any more.

EFFIE: Wait until you don't have any food, then cry, money, money! (*Everybody laughs in a silly fashion.*)

BURNS: If this is supposed to be a joke, I am not registering.

NANCY: Nobody said anything about jokes, but please pass me some hot dogs with plenty of onions.

ANNA C. (*waving a bottle of ginger-ale in one hand and a piece of cake in the other*): I wish I had a picture of you delicately gnawing upon that morsel.

ELIZABETH: Please do not even mention pictures when I am around. Why, I even click the kodak in my sleep. (*Laughter is heard without and much yelling ensues.*)

BURNS: Well, I am glad they enjoy the jokes, anyway.

MARY GARLAND: It's all a joke to me. Anna Catherine, do you mind getting up off my hat?

ANNA C.: Not at all, my dear, the flowers were sticking into me anyway.

JENNIE: You know I can't remember whether or not I paid that last picture bill.

ELIZABETH: Hush, I refuse to hear the word picture again. Let's talk about something interesting. We are going home tomorrow.

ANNA C.: Peace, perfect peace. I have nothing more to worry me except that I won't be able to use my right hand and arm for the next few months.

EFFIE: That is nothing compared to my ailment. When I try to write letters I write articles about clubs instead.

BURNS: That is next to nothing judged by my trouble. Every time anyone begins talking to me, I think they are going to tell a joke, so I laugh.

ANNA C.: Here's something about which you can laugh for sure. The other day I was introduced to a man whose name was Dr. Bookman; in my half dazed state I thought he was a publisher and I talked about vignetting until he was actually blue in the face. Later on I found out that he was a psychologist.

EFFIE: I am too tired to laugh, but I suppose it is funny.

NANCY: Well, THE BLUESTOCKING is out, we have eaten all our food, and we are going home. Lafayette, we are here. (*Everybody is quiet except for the noise of crackers and ginger-ale. The exhausted editors grin with ecstatic glee.*)

NOTE—If this is to be dramatized, it must be presented only once, because the rapturous emotional strain is too strenuous.

Miscellany Staff

MILDRED MOORE	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
JEAN LUCAS	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
ELISE GIBSON	<i>Business Manager</i>
WILHELMINA ESKRIDGE	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
BESSIE LEWIS	<i>Advertising Editor</i>
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ARLINE HARMAN	<i>Associate Editor</i>
ANN WHEELER	<i>Associate Editor</i>
MISS FANNIE STRAUSS	<i>Alumnae Editor</i>

Miscellany Staff



MILDRED MOORE, *Editor*

The Miscellany is published four times a year for the enjoyment of the student body. Every girl has the privilege of using her literary talent for the betterment of this magazine.



Campus Comments



PRICE

WARMINGTON

REBECCA PRICE *Editor-in-Chief*
KATHRYN WARMINGTON..... *Assistant Editor*
RUTH SEE..... *Associate Editor*
KATHARINE ARMSTRONG..... *Associate Editor*
ELEANOR KILBY..... *Associate Editor*



ARMSTRONG

KILBY

SEE



ATHLETICS

*"At last we heard the sweet bells chime
As through the fields we roved."*

—LINLEY.

Athletic Council



MILDRED MOORE *President*
 LENA MCADEN *Vice-President*
 CORINNE DANIEL *Secretary and Treasurer*
 MARGARET DIXON *Council Member*

ESTHER TOOMER *Leader of Yellow Team*
 BETTY WRIGHT *Leader of White Team*
 DOROTHY RUMPF *In Charge of Hikes*
 HELEN LITA BUDINGER *Mgr. Hockey and B. B.*





YELLOW TEAM

Left to right—MILBURN MOORE (Captain), D. CUMMINGS, E. KILBY, L. TUPPER, E. WOODS, M. LITTLE, A. GARRISON, R. PRICE, K. ROBERTSON, A. TURNER, G. BALDWIN, E. TOMMER

WHITE TEAM

Left to right—H. BEIDINGER (Captain), B. WRIGHT, E. HAMMOND, M. BULLY, M. DIXON, L. CARMICHAEL, D. McDONALD, D. HUTCHINGS, M. R. BOWMAN, A. JUNKIN, K. WARMINGTON

Hockey Team

A CROWD of happy, noisy girls, carrying all sorts of equipment, stood on the back gallery; one last burst of laughter—the slamming of the door, and the Hockey Teams were off for their games at the farm. Both the White and Yellow teams are noted for their fine team work—the greatest factor in winning a game. Both teams are made up of quick, active girls, splendid players, who have the spirit of good will for each other. When the whistle has sounded every one is in action, never losing a second, making every move purposeful and one that counts. The Yellow Team has the championship this year—won after several hard battles on the hockey field. We are proud of the Yellow Team and also of the White Team, who made the former fight hard for the championship. Hockey is such a “knocking” game that it must be played only among friends, or there might be a loss of dispositions as well as dislocated fingers and skinned knuckles. It is easy to smile over a bruise acquired in a friendly bout, so we accept in good spirit those received in hockey games, and we come out on top.



Left to right E. HUME (Captain), M. GRANT, M. B. BOWMAN, B. WRIGHT, M. DIXON

Basketball—White Team

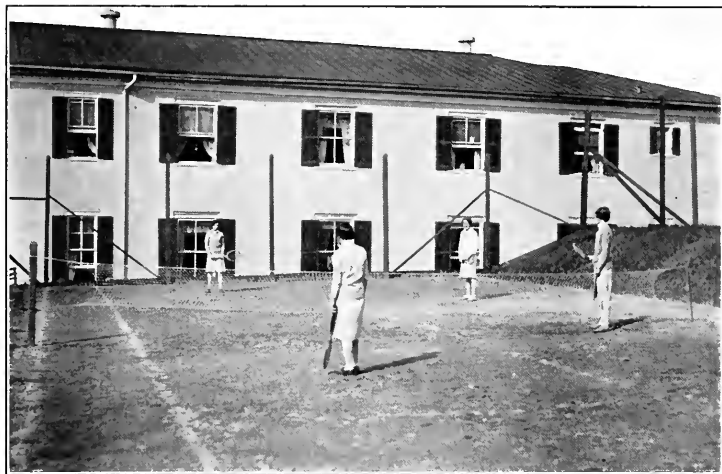
FOR several years the White Team, with heads up, has gone down under the attack of the Yellows, but this year the former woke up and showed the latter a few things. Full of pep and enthusiasm, the White Team slashed its way to victory by winning two most exciting games. By earnest effort, co-operation, and true sportsmanship each player contributed her share toward the final triumph. With the loss of Mamie Grant—the stalwart center—the chance of the White Team's winning seemed rather doubtful, but Marmaduke Goucher gallantly came to the rescue and played to win. Betty Wright, the nimble side center, led her opponent a chase and was always in just the right place to feed the ball to Bowman and Dixon as they sunk it through the netted hoop. Throughout both games Captain Hume and "Ever-ready" Gowen exhibited a fine art of guarding. With this combination, how could they help but win? But what of the "Subs"? Are they to be completely left out? Most assuredly not! Each of them, too, deserves a "crown of laurel," and they have shown that the Whites have good material with which to work next year. The girls make the team, and that is the reason for this fine team. They all worked together with vim and good will for their final victory. Nothing mattered except the name of the team and the honor of Mary Baldwin.



Left to right—MILDRED MOORE (Captain), D. CUMMINGS, G. HARMON, M. LITTLE, A. GARRISON, R. PRUIT, E. TOOMER, A. TURNER

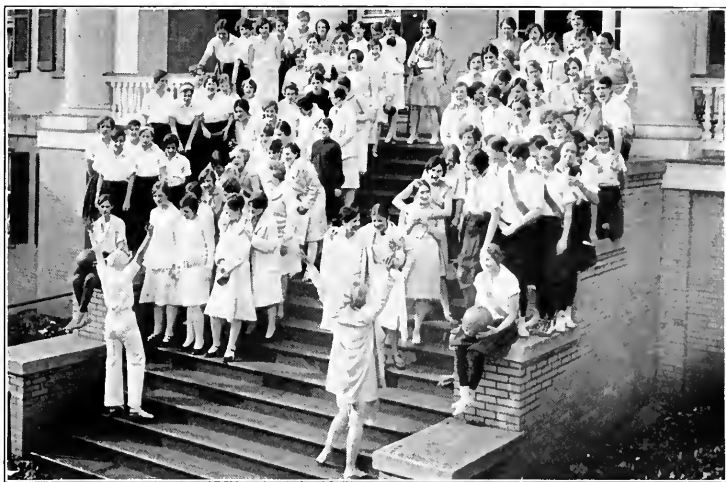
Basketball—Yellow Team

WHITE and Yellow float forever," is the song they sing as they run into the gym while the Yellows frantically cheer and yell for their team, the champion in basketball at Mary Baldwin. The success of the team is due to their excellent playing, their splendid team-work and co-operation, and their earnest desire to play the game well and shoot every goal. Captain Mildred Moore has gained for the team, the cup again this year, and right proudly do the Yellows show their colors when the game is mentioned. Proud as they are and deserve to be, they have not talked of their achievement—another reason for our hearty admiration. In our enthusiasm over the victory of the Yellow Team, we must not forget the Second Yellow Team, whose hard work and skillful playing did much in helping the First Team win the championship for 1928. We know from experience that it is not very desirable to be on the second team. As we sit on the side lines with our bodies eager for action, we watch the plays of the powers that be and sigh enviously for just one chance ourselves. However, with the ultimate aim in view, the second team joins the first in hearty co-operation.



Tennis

TENNIS is one of the outstanding sports at Mary Baldwin. The school provides two courts which are full during both spring and fall from early till late. Besides the games among the girls in general, there is each year a tournament between the Whites and Yellows. It has been the custom for many years to present to the winner, a silver cup. This cup remains the property of the school and is passed on from year to year, but the name of each winner is engraved upon it. Besides recognition of earnest effort, the winner receives a number of points toward her Mary Baldwin letter and her team receives some points toward the final cup. The tournament takes place in the spring and all who wish may enter. This year there were doubles as well as singles, and the participants as well as the spectators seemed to thoroughly enjoy the games. We all love to play tennis, and all more or less participate in the sport. However, when tournament time rolls round, we feel that it is advisable to say nothing about our prowess along such lines, for this game is designed especially for those who know how to play, and to play well. Nevertheless, with abated breath, we watch each play and clap heartily to show our appreciation, meanwhile marveling at the activity and skill of the players. More power to tennis!



The Spirit of the Whites and Yellows

TO US Mary Baldwin girls, yellow and white are more than mere colors—they are a symbol of a spirit, the spirit of comradeship, of loyalty, sportsmanlike competition. For our whole student body is divided into two teams, the Whites and the Yellows, which work and play together and vie with each other in all of our sports throughout the year.

When we think of the Whites and the Yellows, many pictures appear in our mental vision. We see the hockey field alive with shouting girls, whirling hockey sticks and bright colors; we see, or rather hear, the "gym" ringing with lively cheers and the clean slap-slap of the basket ball; we see white figures leaping, straining, volleying in the tennis courts; we follow writhing snake lines winding about the inner court, and singing, and romping through the halls early on the morning of a game; we hold our breath at the track meet as a figure hurdles startlingly past us, and then cheer lustily at the streaks flying by. We not only see all this but feel it most intensely, for the activities of these teams form a vital part of our college life—a part that will never be forgotten.

Although at the end of the year one team comes out victor and is presented with a handsome cup as concrete evidence, we know that technically neither team is a loser, for each has gained too much laughing, playing, striving, winning, and losing together. So, come on, girls, let's give a big impartial yeah—team, team, team!



"ATHLETICALLY SPEAKING"



CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS

*"Behold the Merry Minstrels of the Morn
The swarming songsters of the careless groves."*

—THOMSON.



"You need a Young Women's Christian Association here. It would be the greatest help in the world to you!" These earnestly spoken words fell upon the ears of a number of girls and teachers gathered in the parlor of the Augusta Female Seminary one evening in May, 1894. Mr. D. Williard Lim, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, was the speaker on that memorable evening. He was the seed sower and the next year a Y. W. C. A. was organized Sunday, October 7, 1894.

—From *Augusta Seminary Annual*—1895.



Y. W. C. A.

OFFICERS

CAROLINE WOOD	<i>President</i>
ANNA CATHERINE McMAHON	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELIZABETH HUME	<i>Secretary</i>
FLOKA GEORGE	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS MARY E. LAKENAN	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>

CHAIRMAN AND COMMITTEES

DEVOTIONAL		
EVELYN BAKER, <i>Chairman</i>	MARGARET SCOTT	CATHERINE ARMSTRONG
NANCY E. JOHNSON	NANCY JOHNSON	WILHELMINA ESKRIDGE
	KATHLEEN SULLIVAN	
ENTERTAINMENT		
MILDRED BAGLEY, <i>Chairman</i>	BEATRICE STONE	JEAN HAYNES
DOROTHY RUMPT	MABEL HENFEBERGER	LEAH BONTLY
LENA McADEN		ALICE TURNER
FINANCE		
ELIZABETH JOHNSON, <i>Chairman</i>	CHRISTINE MORROW	GRACE FRIED
DOROTHY MILLER	JANE CONSTABLE	MARY BRITT HARVEY
MUSIC		
ELISE GIBSON, <i>Chairman</i>	KATHLEEN SULLIVAN	PAULINE ATKINS
HELEN MORRISON	MYRILE BLUM	VIRGINIA SHANNON
MILDRED LOEWNER	MILDRED MOORE	MARY ARGABRIGHT
LUELLA TORRENCE	JEAN ANTHONY	ELIZABETH SMITH
PROGRAM		
CLARA BEERY, <i>Chairman</i>	MILDRED MOORE	CALLOWAY RAMSEY
JEAN LUCAS	ANNA B. CARROLL	LAURA CANNON
PUBLICITY		
MILDRED TOWNLEY, <i>Chairman</i>	LOUISE VINCENT	CATHERINE WALKER
DOROTHY DILLS	ELEANOR KILBY	CHERRY HARRIS
	MARSHALL PENICK	
ROOM		
HELEN BAYLOR, <i>Chairman</i>	LOUISE BOWEN	VIRGINIA LEAP
	CATHERINE DUNTON	
SOCIAL		
MARY DRAPER, <i>Chairman</i>	CORINNE DANIEL	JANE GRIFFIN
ANNE WILSON		CATHERINE WHITTIT
SOCIAL SERVICE		
MARGARET WATTS, <i>Chairman</i>	FRANCES BALLENGER	REBECCA CONSTABLE
LOUISE SPENCER	VIRGINIA BURKE	MARY SPENDLE
STUDENT FRIENDSHIP		
ESTHER TOOMER	LILLIAN CARMICHAEL, <i>Chairman</i>	BENNIE HUNT
KATHERINE ROBERTSON	ELEANOR DANIEL	BETTY WRIGHT
WORLD FELLOWSHIP		
ELIZABETH WOODS, <i>Chairman</i>	HENRIETTA BEDINGER	EFFIE ANDERSON
SAINT CLAIR SMITH	REBECCA PRICE	AGNES JUNKIN



Young Women's Christian Association

"Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord of Hosts."

—ZECH. 4:6.

JESUS CHRIST of Nazareth came to the world "not to be ministered unto but to minister" to the needs of all people. He has answered the calls of youth and of age, of Christians and non-Christians, and so today His life calls a challenge across the years, in answer to youth eagerly demanding life. In all ages and in all places, youth has persistently sought to find life and new experiences in order to attain it in fuller measure. By those who have had the vision to see that this eager search may be ended in the glorification of Jesus, the Young Women's Christian Association has been brought into existence and according to its purpose has had the fulfilling of the life abundant as taught by Him who said, "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

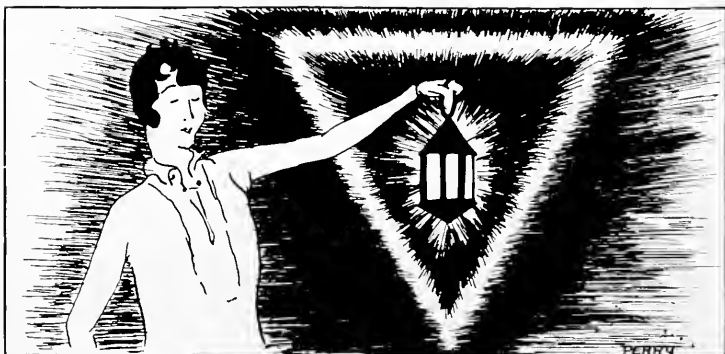
Among the organizations at Mary Baldwin, the Y. W. C. A. holds the most important place because, in an attempt to follow in His example, we stress every side of life—the physical, the mental, the moral, and the spiritual. The Association strives to impress upon every girl the fact that the Christ life is the fullest, richest, and greatest possible, and through social activities it endeavors to answer the fervid call of youth.

The Y. W. C. A. is under the direction of a cabinet composed of officers and committee chairmen who meet every week to discuss activities and vital problems and to plan the work of the organization. Work done by committees is reported by the committee chairmen.

The Y. W. C. A. resumes its work at the very first of each school year. Welcome cards are sent to new girls, a stunt night and welcome dance are planned by the Big Sisters for the Little Sisters. The Association tries to meet the need of every girl through friendship, worship, prayer, song, or merry making. Flowers and magazines are provided for those who are ill, friends for those who feel lonely, the cake store, teas, dances, and garden parties for the social side of life. The morning watch and regular Sunday evening programs, Christmas carols and pageants promote world fellowship and the true Christian spirit. As Christ taught us, by His supreme sacrifice, that service is the great objective in life, we give generously of our prayers, efforts, and money to the Near East Relief—the Miller orphanage, and the Crossnore Mission School. At Thanksgiving, we prepare a box for the orphanage, and at Christmas an entire family is made happy by the gifts of the Y. W. C. A. The maintenance of a room at the King's Daughters Hospital by our school is largely due to the Y. W. C. A.

The activities of the Association are wide and varied. But beneath the more obvious efforts, the sustaining purpose of the Y. W. C. A. is to promote growth in mind, body, and spirit so that we may realize in our lives the fulfillment of Christ's purpose in coming to guide and answer the call of youth by a life more abundant.

It is our desire to stress more the devotional side of life, to realize the power of prayer and its place in our lives. We strive to be inspirational as well as devotional, believing that the vital breath comes only through following the example set by Christ in His perfect life.





ENTERTAINMENT



SOCIAL SERVICE



WORLD FELLOWSHIP



PROGRAM



SOCIAL



RECREATIONAL



PUBLICITY



STUDENT REPRESENTATION



MUSIC



FINANCE



ROOM

"THE COMMITTEES"

The Psychology Club



First row, left to right—H. BAYLOR, M. TOWNLEY, E. HUME, E. MILLER, J. HUNT, H. HAINES.
 Second row—C. BERRY, D. McDONALD, H. BEDINGER, L. PENCE, M. G. TAYLOR, D. DYER, L. JACKSON,
 W. ESKRIDGE.
 Third row—E. GIBSON, C. WOOD, D. MILLER, F. GEORGE, MISS MACE, E. BURNS, F. BALLENGER,
 A. C. MCMAHON.

OFFICERS

ELIZABETH HUME *President* FRANCES BALLENGER . . . *Sec. and Treas.*
 DOROTHY MILLER *Vice-President* MISS ROSE MACE *Faculty Adviser*

THE Psychology Club is our one purely intellectual organization pervaded with an atmosphere of interest and not duty. The program consists largely of addresses by scholarly men who bring to us an inkling of world-wide science and different phases of applied psychology. Those who contemplate teaching as a profession and those who have other ambitions alike find that psychology may be utilized to better equip them for efficient service, and to prepare them for a richer, fuller life. The Psychology Club supplements our regular course in character building by contributing toward tolerance, open-mindedness, and the elimination of selfish ambitions through substitution and sublimation. When we hear speakers who are out in the field applying psychology to the problems of life, our interest in scientific experimentation is greatly stimulated.

Cotillion Club



Left to right—D. YINGLING, M. WATTS, C. BEERY, L. TUPPER, E. JOHNSON, C. WHITTET, B. WRIGHT, D. RUMPF, G. FRIEND, W. STEWART
Second row—N. WADDELL, V. BURKE, H. JAYLOR, E. STUART, P. SHAFTER, J. GRITTIN, E. HAMMONS, L. MCADEN, MISS MORSE, D. DAVIEL, E. SLAAN, M. H. KESNER, L. MCALISTER, J. HAYNES, B. STONE
Third row—E. DANIEL, A. C. McMAHAN, M. DIXON, S. SHAFTER, L. VINSON, M. MACDONALD, D. HALL, M. B. HARVEY, L. FAWKES, E. BALDWIN, K. ROBERTSON, G. BALDWIN, E. BAKER, C. WOOD, M. BAILEY, E. BOXLEY, L. CARMICHAEL
Fourth row—L. SCALES, K. JORDAN, K. RAWLINSON, E. KELLY, H. WILSON, D. MILLER, A. B. CARROLL, K. WALKER, C. HARRIS, H. McGLUF, E. TOOMER, E. WILLIAMS, L. REDMAN, E. HARDESTY, V. LEAF, M. SPENCER, K. DENTON, C. RAMSAY, J. BELL, V. PAGE, A. HARMON, M. MOORE

OFFICERS

LENA MCADEN *President* CORINNE DANIEL *Sec. and Treas.*
 MISS LYDIA MORSE *Faculty Adviser*

IT HAS been said that girls are many sided creatures, and among our various clubs we present the Cotillion illustrating another side of our natures. From olden times dancing has been an Anglo-Saxon characteristic. Dancing is only a natural instinct, seeking expression in bodily rhythm. Our dances are much more informal than the old time quadrilles, and we require a larger number of musical instruments to add their noise to our enjoyment. However, our several dances of the year add zest to life and call us to lay aside cares for a few hours while we hop around until we are weary of mere play and ready again for the more intellectual pursuits of our school life.

Choral Club



Standing, Miss Schoolar; left to right, seated—Miss Devore, R. See, P. Adkinson, M. Routt, V. Shanon, S. Wright, M. Moore, A. Wilson, S. Wright, K. Denton, E. Baldwin, E. Garland, K. Sultan, R. Ott
Standing—M. McKinstry, J. Anthony, H. Pruitt, A. McMahon, L. Torrence, A. Davenport, A. B. Carroll, H. Morrison, C. Parker, A. Parker, A. Wheeler, R. Redman, E. Burns, A. Junkin

MISS NORMA SCHOOLAR, *Director*

THE Choral Club is one of our very best organizations. It has an active membership composed of both girls who are studying voice and those who are interested only in choral work. The club meets each week in order to give the students who are studying voice the opportunity of presenting a program before all the members. In this way they receive valuable experience in facing an audience. The whole club under the direction of Miss Schoolar gives a recital in the spring semester, and this event is long anticipated by the student body. But the old proverb says, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and so they play too. Late in the spring when all is green and pretty they have a picnic, and the stories they tell when they come home together with the jolly times they have at the weekly meetings make us all want to belong to the Choral Club.

The Sock and Buskin Club



*First row, left to right—CLARA BELRY (President), W. WRIGHT, V. BOXLEY.
Second row—A. DAVENPORT, A. McDONALD, M. SIGVAL, E. FIELDS, L. ARMENSTROUT, L. MITCHELL,
V. SHANNON, E. HARMOND, G. D. DAVIS*

OFFICERS

ELIZABETH WENGER *President* ELVIRA BOXLEY *Secretary*
CLARA BELRY *Vice-President* BETTY WRIGHT *Treasurer*
MISS HARWOOD *Faculty Adviser*

THIS Club is growing each year in numbers, in interest, and in things accomplished. Delightful monthly programs consisting of readings, reports, sketches of plays, and other interesting features are rendered. Delicious refreshments often add a touch of friendly good cheer. The Sock and Buskin Club took charge of Thanksgiving service for the Young Women's Christian Association, and presented an effective pageant entitled "Faith of Our Fathers." Another outstanding production by the club was the three act play, "Patty Makes Things Hum" which was given in the chapel, the latter part of March. In addition to its efforts as an organized group, the Dramatic Club furnishes much individual talent for the various entertainments given by other organizations, throughout the year.

French Club



*Kneeling, left to right: D. WITHERS, A. WHEELER, D. HUTCHINGS, E. KILBY.
First row: E. WITHERS, J. SHERWOOD, H. MORRISON, K. WARMINGTON, L. PENCI, D. RUMPL,
P. SIMLER, S. SUMNER.
Second row: ST. C. SMITH, A. JUNKIN, L. PENCI, M. BELL, L. HUNDLEY, A. CARROLL, E. CRAWFORD.
Third row: D. MILLER, L. TORRENCE, N. E. JOHNSON, R. PRICE.*

OFFICERS

ANN WHEELER	<i>President</i>	DOROTHY WITHERS	<i>Secretary</i>
ELEANOR KILBY	<i>Vice-President</i>	DOROTHY HUTCHINGS	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS FLANSBURGH			
MISS TAYLOR			<i>Faculty Advisers</i>

LE PLUS grand but du cercle a été de faire la conversation en Français et on a essayé cette année de créer une atmosphère intime et d'éviter la conventionnalité, espérant ainsi d'encourager celles qui se sentaient un peu mal à l'aise à parler plus naturellement.

Les premières assemblées furent alors en forme de thés ou de petites réunions, et on exigea que tous les membres parlent en Français. On procura des livres de chants et on chanta des airs populaires de France.

Ce quartier suivant on va essayer de donner des programmes formels, une fois par mois, en tout cas discuter un auteur ou un poète, lire de ses œuvres, ou même on va essayer de donner quelques petites pièces. Ayant peut-être appris à mieux parler le Français, les membres profiteront de ces séances plus sérieuses.

El Circulo Espanol



Left to right- N. C. JOHNSON, A. C. McMAHON, H. BEDINGER, J. HUNT, ST. C. SMITH, D. DANIEL,
C. RAMSEY, B. WRIGHT, J. HAYNES, M. DIXON, C. HARRIS, E. SULLIVAN, D. DIES

OFFICERS

CORINNE DANIEL	<i>Presidente</i>
BETTY WRIGHT	<i>Vice-Presidente</i>
HENRIETTA BEDINGER	<i>Comitica de Programa</i>
MISS CAMPBELL	<i>Patrona</i>

EL CIRCULO está compuesto de las estudiantas del español en el colegio de Mary Baldwin. Pueden ser miembros activas las que asisten regularmente cada mes a las reuniones. De las cinco a las seis de la tarde el tercer lunes se celebra la reunión. No se habla sino español durante el tiempo el programa consiste en comedias lecturas, y conferencias. Se verifican en la estación de la navidad y al fin del año escolar una fiesta y una velada castellana. Este año ha sido presentado por el club las siguientes comedias, "El Criado Astuto" "La Fonda Imperial" "Napoleon y la Lavandera" y "El Castillo de Torresnobles."

Preparatory Latin Club



*First row, left to right—R. CONSTABLE, L. MOORE, P. SHAFFER, E. KILBY, S. SHAFFER, F. MANGUM,
J. CONSTABLE, K. WHITTET, M. B. HARVIN, L. FAULKES
Second row, left to right—K. SYDNASTICKER, H. CARLTON, B. BOWMAN, G. HEDDLISTON, V. PAIGL,
E. DANIELS, L. MITCHELL, D. HUTCHINGS, R. CRIDDEN, M. SMITH, M. DEMUND, D. CUMMINGS
Third row, left to right—E. BALDWIN, J. KIEFFER, C. MORROW, M. LITTLE, H. McGLUE, K. GORT,
RUSSELL, BEADY*

OFFICERS

ELEANOR DANIEL	President
LAURA FAULKES	Secretary
HELEN McGLUE	Treasurer
MISS FANNIE STRAUSS	Faculty Adviser

THE first meeting of the Latin Club was held on October 12, 1927. The club is composed of all high school students in the Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil classes.

When Latin is mentioned, people usually shake their heads and look askance to intimate that such intelligence is beyond their brain power or desires. But we have fun at our club, and with our knowledge of Roman customs and Language, we expect soon to become second Ciceros. We have enjoyed making some interesting posters, and giving some Latin plays which have greatly helped us in understanding Roman culture and art. The play, "Latin Grammar Speaks," was especially good as well as enlightening.

Red Headed Club



Left to right—A. McDONALD, MR. KING, E. SMITH, E. WOODS, J. LUCAS, S. H. PAYNE, K. YIELDING.

ONE of the unique features of Mary Baldwin is its Red Headed Club, which dates back into the early history of the school. Any girl whose crowning glory has a sufficient number of the coveted copper-hued glints is eligible to the club. Many of the good times enjoyed by the select few are sponsored by Mr. William Wayt King, the ever faithful admirer and champion of the auburn-haired damsels. A throng of hopeful aspirants annually call attention to certain tints and shades among their locks, which they intimate might be accepted as the desired one, but only the proud possessors of the true shade are welcomed as "one of my girls." Each Autumn Mr. King entertains the lucky few, and it is needless to add that those glorious hours are cherished as rare treasures. However, it is not for the good times that membership in the club is so coveted but for the true, kind friend whom each member finds in the founder of the club, and for whom each girl keeps a place in her heart. A truer friend than Mr. King could not be found, and he takes great interest in having a club of his own. The girls take delight not only in having Mr. King as their sponsor but also in the many advantages of being members of a club of both select and limited membership.

Granddaughters' Club



Left to right—G. FRIEND, M. PENICK, C. BERRY, R. SELL, M. TOWNLEY, MISS HIGGINS, J. HUNT, F. BAKER, E. WOODS, M. WURLEY, A. JENKIN, E. BAKER, R. OTT

WE OF the Granddaughters' Club consider that fortune has smiled upon us in a generous manner, for only those who are entitled to membership can understand how much it means to us. The fact that we are here indicates how much mothers and grandmothers appreciate their Alma Mater, for were they not loyal and true to her they would not have sent us here even though Mary Baldwin is able to give us many more advantages than she bestowed upon them. But to the members of our club, the greatest pleasure is in having Miss Higgins for our leader, adviser, and friend. Several times during the year we have been especially honored and made the objects of envy to the other students. Early in the fall, we were entertained at a lovely tea by Mrs. Russell, the president of the Alumnae Association. Later, on Miss Baldwin's birthday, we were guests of the Alumnae Association at their annual luncheon, held at the Country Club. As a culmination of these joyous occasions, Miss Higgins entertained us at a delicious and beautifully prepared dinner. Our greatest desire is to be worthy the name, "granddaughters," and to honor our school, of which we are justly proud.

Little Sisters' Club



Left to right - Miss Gertrude Edmondson, Miss Abbie McFarland, S. Wright, S. Wright, V. Bonley, I. Parker, E. Skene, B. Wright, D. Denton, M. Ragan, D. Dills, E. Wood, L. Pincus, A. McDonald, A. Redinger, R. Sill, A. Junkin, J. Griffin, J. Kitefer, E. Hunt, M. Shoval

OFFICERS

BETTY WRIGHT	<i>President</i>
MARION RAGAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
FRANCES BAKER	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MISS GERTRUDE EDMONDSON	<i>Honorary Member</i>
MISS ABBIE MCFARLAND	<i>Honorary Member</i>

THE Little Sisters' Club is a new feature among the various clubs and organizations at Mary Baldwin. This Club was organized in 1927, on a purely social basis. The members consist of the more fortunate students whose older sisters have or are attending our school. The Little Sisters feel that it is a great privilege to have as honorary members, Miss Abbie McFarland and Miss Gertrude Edmondson, whose elder sisters are members of the faculty. The club is flourishing, and a more extensive program is being planned for the future. There is no doubt in our minds that the Little Sisters' Club will become one of the leading organizations of the school, for as Mary Baldwin enlarges as a college so will our club, therefore we look into the future with anticipation and optimism.

Golf Club



Top by photo — D. DIES
Left to right — D. DYER, D. CUMMINGS, M. WHITTEK, L. FEEL, E. WATSON, M. LOUNGER, L. BAKER,
M. GRANT, J. HUNT

OFFICERS

DORIS CUMMINGS	President
DOROTHY DYER	Secretary
MISS VOSS	Sponsor

MUCH interest has been shown in golf this year, and Miss Higgins and Mr. King kindly arranged for us to play at Gypsy Hill Golf Club. This club is about a mile from the school campus and the course is a very attractive one. We may go to the club on Saturday afternoons, and many of us make use of the privilege. The Athletic Council organized the Golf Club and has included it in the sports that count in the point system toward earning a Mary Baldwin monogram. The aim of the club is to provide outdoor exercise especially for the girls who do not engage in the more strenuous athletics. Golf is growing in popularity at Mary Baldwin, and the club has become an established and permanent one, we hope.

Music Club



*First row, left to right—V. LEAP, J. SHERWOOD, V. SHANNON, K. SULTAN, M. LOEWNER (President),
L. TORRENCE, H. MORRISON, P. ANDERSON, R. L. OTT
Second row—L. REDMAN, D. BROTHICK, D. CUMINGS, S. WRIGHT, S. WRIGHT, G. HARRIS, L. BOWEN
Third row—G. FRIEND, A. DAVENPORT, S. H. PAYNE, A. WHITLER, N. C. JOHNSON, M. MOORE
Fourth row—J. HUNT, H. PRUITT, E. MILLER, M. ARBARETTI, R. SEE, E. BURNS*

OFFICERS

MILDRED LOEWNER *President* HELEN MORRISON *Treasurer*
LOUELLA TORRENCE *Secretary* MISS N. SCHOOLAR *Faculty Adviser*

THE Music Club is one of the organizations which lends itself to the social as well as the cultural atmosphere of Mary Baldwin. With delightful entertainments, Mildred Loewener, our president, has brought about a club which, with so short a history already bids fair to become an outstanding feature of our social curriculum. The successful ardor of the members is largely due to three talented musicians who are our efficient officers. Various composers have been studied and artists brought for the entertainment and benefit of the club. Miss Schoolar, the well loved sponsor, exerts an appreciated guidance in the careful preparation of the program, the selection of visiting artists and activities. Our aim is to learn to appreciate music as did Thoreau when he said, "When I hear music I fear no danger, I am invulnerable, I see no foe."

Prizes for Bluestocking Work

Best short story, offered by Palais Royal, won by
BEATRICE STONE

Best Poem, offered by Beverley Book Company, won by
ELIZABETH CRAWFORD

Best kodak picture, offered by H. L. Lang and Co., won by
ELIZABETH MILLER

Best art work, offered by Mr. Thomas Hogshead, won by
CORINNE PERRY

First honorable mention
MARIE GORDON MACDONALD

Second honorable mention
KATHERINE WALKER





The Surrender

(Prize Story)

THE world lay at rest after the great heat of the day. The sunset redened until gradually its fiery glow melted away beyond the rims of distant mountains, and twilight approached, gliding silently over the campus, sweeping their summits with the dark mystic folds of her veil. The great peaks turned from gray to deep purple; the valleys whispered dreamy sounds, and from every dark crevice came the murmured acclamations of cool night and long awaited rest.

Suddenly, through the calm came a faint shout, hoarse, frightened, and oh, so human! "Hurry, oh, hurry. Don't give up now, or you will be lost . . . so dark, dark . . . But have courage, yes, hurry on! On, on to the village before we are too late. Remember, there is work to do . . ."

The cry lost itself in the deepening shadows, and again silence reigned supreme. Two lone figures picked their way slowly down the mountain side, struggling on to reach the village before night. But night came triumphantly stalking. Another call, then all was silent . . . all was dark. Night reigned as a queen upon her throne of ebony . . . mystic . . . a spirit of supremacy.

A tiny cabin nestled on the breast of a mountain-side. Behind and above, the forest lay placid, inscrutable, bathed in slumber and unpenetrable shadows. Before, lay several furlongs of mossy ground which, ending abruptly, dropped away into a bottomless abyss. On this stretch of ground lay a man, called by civilization a hermit. Relaxed, eyes closed and lost in pensive thought, he was completely oblivious to his surroundings. He lay thus for perhaps an hour. Soon, however, a slender, silvery moon peeped over the sleeping mountains, sending exquisite rays of fragrant moonlight over the valleys. The man sat up abruptly, drawing a pipe from his well worn pocket. Sitting Turk fashion, seemingly on the edge of the abyss, he lighted his pipe, and smoked. His dreamy eyes drank in the splendor of the night. Nearby, a great dog growled at regular intervals as if in restless dreaming. The man refilled his emptied



pipe, leaned forward and gazed intently across the moonlit canyons. Far in the distance, a faint light marked the situation of the village, busy, and unconscious of the hermit's existence. For many, many nights the man had watched this light, the nights had lengthened into years, but still he lingered on in his solitude. However, tonight, all was different. While the hermit meditated, the dog stirred in his dreams. From the darkness came the mournful howl of a coyote. The man's lips moved. As he murmured inarticulate sounds, the dog sprang up, sniffing the warm night air, stretched luxuriously and then trotted toward his master. The hermit now spoke more boldly . . . slowly . . . impressively: "Yes, it is the second time! Now I know there is some significance, some call. I feel that I am going to surrender. The urge is too great; I can not resist!"

He arose, paced back and forth restlessly, then stretched once more on the mossy precipice, gazing over into the fleeing shadows. The moon now rode high in the heavens, swinging gently on fleecy clouds like a ship on a calm sea. His voice whispered on, more excited, more fervent.

"These were almost the same words that I heard before. 'Hurry before it is too late,' and 'There is work to do.' . . . Oh, there must be some divine command for me! I am sure now, and I am ready. Surely this would not have happened twice . . . the first time not two weeks ago, and now again tonight . . . were it not a call. Yes, I must go. But can I? I love it here. Why must I listen to the summons? Oh, it is cruel, cruel! I can not go back! However, there is work for me. Every man has a task, and I am forsaking mine by staying here!"

McDougal . . . the hermit . . . threw a listless arm around the Dane's massive neck, stroking him gently. "Well, Buck, pal of these twelve years, my only friend, shall we go? Shall we go back to work, to people? To the world? Shall we leave all this, where I have found peace, yes, even joy, after being hurt so cruelly, misjudged, crushed?"

He leaped up now, and stood in the moonlight, tall, gaunt, but straight . . . a fine figure. He gesticulated with the broad sweep of an arm: the cabin, the moon . . . all that he had learned to love, and from which he had obtained not only peace but strength to erase the bitterness from his heart. He stood motionless, torn by conflicting desires. How queer to be affected by those voices which had drifted up as echoes not many hours ago! He became lost in thought. His head bowed low on his breast; he aged many days in that one moment. The soft, moist nose of the Dane nuzzled his palm. He stooped to stroke the great head. They stood thus, these buddies, these pals of twelve long years, lingering over dear memories of old: their mutual loyalty and companionship. Suddenly a faint sound drifted up from the ravine. The man and the dog strained forward, and peered eagerly down into the canyon. Far, far below, in the moonlit valley, they discerned two small figures hurry-

ing West, West!! to the village, to the Work. Ah, were these the ones who had given the call, and sent the echoes that had stirred his heart? McDougal shrank back, but the dog peered intently until the figures were out of the range of his keen eyes, then with a low growl of contentment, he sank down, and stretched sleepily. Long after the dog slept, the man stood gazing, unseeing, dreaming He was haunted. Little breezes, morning breezes, wafted gently from the canyons, whispering . . . "Why fight? You cannot win! You must go to the Work! The Work! Be a real man . . . not a slacker . . . Hurry and surrender!"

He was bewildered. There was some peculiar force which urged him to surrender, to yield, to obey the call. He remained motionless, and the dog slept on. He glanced about his familiar haunts. Oh, how he loved the calm, the peace of his retreat! He weakened. An echo drifted upward. More echoes. They shrieked. They jeered. They danced around his head like bubbles, then vanished into nothingness, leaving only wailing cries of "A coward." The man in a miserable condition gazed stupidly. Minutes fled swiftly and then all was over. He lay down by the dog, and slept. His dreams were filled with battles between diminutive demons and angels, in which the latter won.

When McDougal awoke, it was day. Birds were trilling their sweet love songs in the tall trees. The mountains and valleys were aglow with riotous colors. The sky was a mixture of blue and billowed clouds. There was nothing to indicate the struggle that had taken place in the man's soul, but he had not forgotten. He suddenly felt free, exalted, joyous, for he had fought a hard battle and won. He felt like the man he had been before he let fate crush him, for now he was going back to conquer fate.

After a few hours preparation for departure, the cabin looked bare and defaced. The two pals stood before their old abode . . . the man gazed sadly at the cabin and its peaceful surroundings, as memories of happiness rushed back, and then he swiftly picked up his burden and strode down down the faint path toward the village. Yes, he must go. God had sent the summons, he must go not only bravely but joyously.

He trudged on, the Dane at his heels. As nightfall approached, the twinkling lights of the village danced nearer and nearer. The measured strides slackened, then there was silence. He turned slowly, wistfully. Behind lay the mountains, the purple canyons, the golden sunset, the peaceful solitude, the life of old; before him lay the village, people, the world and duty, the life of the future. He looked back, hesitating, but only for a moment. He must go on to the task, to achievement, to accomplishment. The mountains whispered lingering farewells, the shadows caressed him sadly . . . a friendly owl in some distant tree-top sang a mournful adieu, but the future called to a life of endeavor, the righting of wrongs, the lifting of burdens, the sending out echoes of cheer and hope.

—BEATRICE STONE.

The Echo

A strange, weird, mysterious thing!
A call is given in a vale
An answer returns, softly, faintly,
Not loud enough to be understood;
But making you want to try again,
With more strength, to get a reply.
Again the call is given, and again
The answer returns,
Yet still not to be comprehended.
It impells you to put forth your strongest effort,
To make that sound grow closer and greater
Until at last you shout.
You send out the word from which
You get the most response.
Then exhausted you leave the task
For someone else to try—
For someone else with greater strength and power.
This is the echo!

Since time began, an echo has been forth coming
Of mighty works and deeds.
It has grown larger and larger through the ages,
Like the sound waves sent forth to make the echo.
Each era adds more volume,
Greater things accomplished;
And each generation must surpass the one just past
Until the echo is not a faint, uncertain murmur
But a loud shout of victory
Of something done.
We must all add our strength to the echo
So that it will pass through the years
Growing more and more.
Then when you have done your best,
Lay down your task to someone else
Starting life and learning of its echo,
Of that strange, weird, mysterious thing!

ELIZABETH CRAWFORD.

The Challenge

My sisters, daughters of one Mother all,
Across dim hills which bar me from your view
In challenge, yet in comradeship, to you
Unseeing but assured—I send this call,
Knowing that you are there and that the light
You tend, altar or taper, is the same
As that I hold, caught from one parent flame:
Clean, brave, unsatisfied, glowing and white;

That in its very nature seems to bear
To every votary the necessity
Prometheus-like forevermore to share.
I had said, "Your responsibility
Remember," but what need my warning where
Such flaming challenge stands eternally?

KATHERINE ALLYN SEE, '27.



ECHOES OF CURRAGH OF KILDARE



STATISTICS

"I have a passion for statistics."

— GOSCHEM.



MISS ELVIRA BONLEY
BEAUTY SECTION—SELECTED BY EDITORS



MISS CAROLINE WOOD
BEAUTY SECTION—SELECTED BY EDITORS



MISS CORINNE DANIELS
THE MOST WOMANLY (SCHOOL VOIL.)



MISS ANN V. CATHERINE McMAHON
THE DAINTIEST (SCHOOL VOTE)





MISS LILLIAN CARMICHAEL
THE MOST POPULAR (SCHOOL VOTE)



CALENDAR

*"We in thought will join your throng
Ye that pipe and ye that play."*

—WORDSWORTH.



MISS MAURINE TULLY
1927 MAY QUEEN



MAY COURT

Under summer skies a gay and colorful scene was enacted before the eyes of the May Queen of Mary Baldwin. Seated upon her white throne and surrounded by a court of daintily groomed attendants, women of all ages and nationalities passed before her in many an elfish dance and stately procession. That same summer night, at the Art Exhibit of 1927, beautiful canvasses and other works of art were admired by visitors from both far and near. The guests were graciously received by the students who conducted them around the studio and explained different phases of the art work. The guests showed genuine interest in the exhibit and were liberal with their praise. That night recalls most pleasant memories to all of us who are lovers of art.



ART EXHIBIT



NEW GIRL-OLD GIRL PARTY

Under a harvest moon, the new girls entertained the old girls. With corsages of rose-buds and sweet peas and dressed in lovely frocks of pastel shades, the Big Sisters danced to the soft strains of a waltz. The harvest moon waned but before the first breath of winter, the Seniors were the guests of their sister class, the Sophomores, on a trip to Natural Bridge and Lee's tomb. The day was a glorious one and the trip was hugely enjoyed by all.



SENIOR-SOPHOMORE BRIDGE PARTY



THE JUNIOR-FRESHMAN TEA

On a certain blustering November afternoon one passing by the school parlor might have heard sounds of talking, laughter and merry making. After the formality of the receiving line was over, the Juniors with the assistance of Miss Higgins, Miss Harris, and not least, the photographer entertained the Freshmen. On another autumn evening in the gymnasium, the Junior Class entertained the student body. This was State Stunt night when there was lively competition among those representing a Kentucky derby, West Virginia singers, Lindy, and this stately minuet.



STATES' STUNTS



SOPHOMORE PLAY

As the days grew shorter and the nights colder, the girls turned to indoor activities. The talented members of the Sophomore Class decided to give a play, and the result of this decision was "The Elopement of Ellen." The Seniors as is their custom presented a group of three plays. While the cold winds shook the chapel, and the night air whitened, the school watched the power of "The Wonder Hat" and laughed at the troubles caused by "Suppressed Desires."



SENIOR PLAY



MISCELLANY PLAY

The scene in the old, picturesque church was rich and colorful. People of rank passed to the altar offering gifts to the King. Each one hoped for the chimes as her reward. When all were discouraged, suddenly music reached their ears. They looked and saw—"Why the chimes rang." Before Christmas the *Miscellany* staff presented this and two other effective plays. On other winter evenings another scene was witnessed in the studio—such as is represented below in the picture of the BLUESTOCKING staff hard (?) at work.



BLUESTOCKING STAFF



JUNIOR BIRTHDAY PARTY

One spring afternoon as robins sang in the trees without, sounds of music were heard in Miss Harris' classroom. After Miss Higgins lighted the candles for the third birthday party of the class of '29—this Junior Class sang together, "The Orange and the Green." Not satisfied with celebrating their own birthday, they, with the assistance of other classes, gave a successful cabaret for the BLUESTOCKING, including recitations, music, laughter and food.



BLUESTOCKING TEA



DRAMATIC CLUB PLAY

With the exodus of victrolas and gayly clad girls to the court, another distracting element was at work indoors. "Patty" the charming little rebellious school girl who chased the winter blues away in "Patty Makes Things Humi," a presentation by the Sock and Buskin Club, was a unique and charming feature and one that was enjoyed by all. Another charming character in the play was Mary Argarbrite, who represented Miss Hope and is still hoping. To the Sock and Buskin Club, we are indebted for many hearty laughs and very pleasant evenings. With one loud burst of song and a gay splash of colors in the Y. W. Music Box Revue, Mary Baldwin greeted the first robin and the appearance of the dandelion.



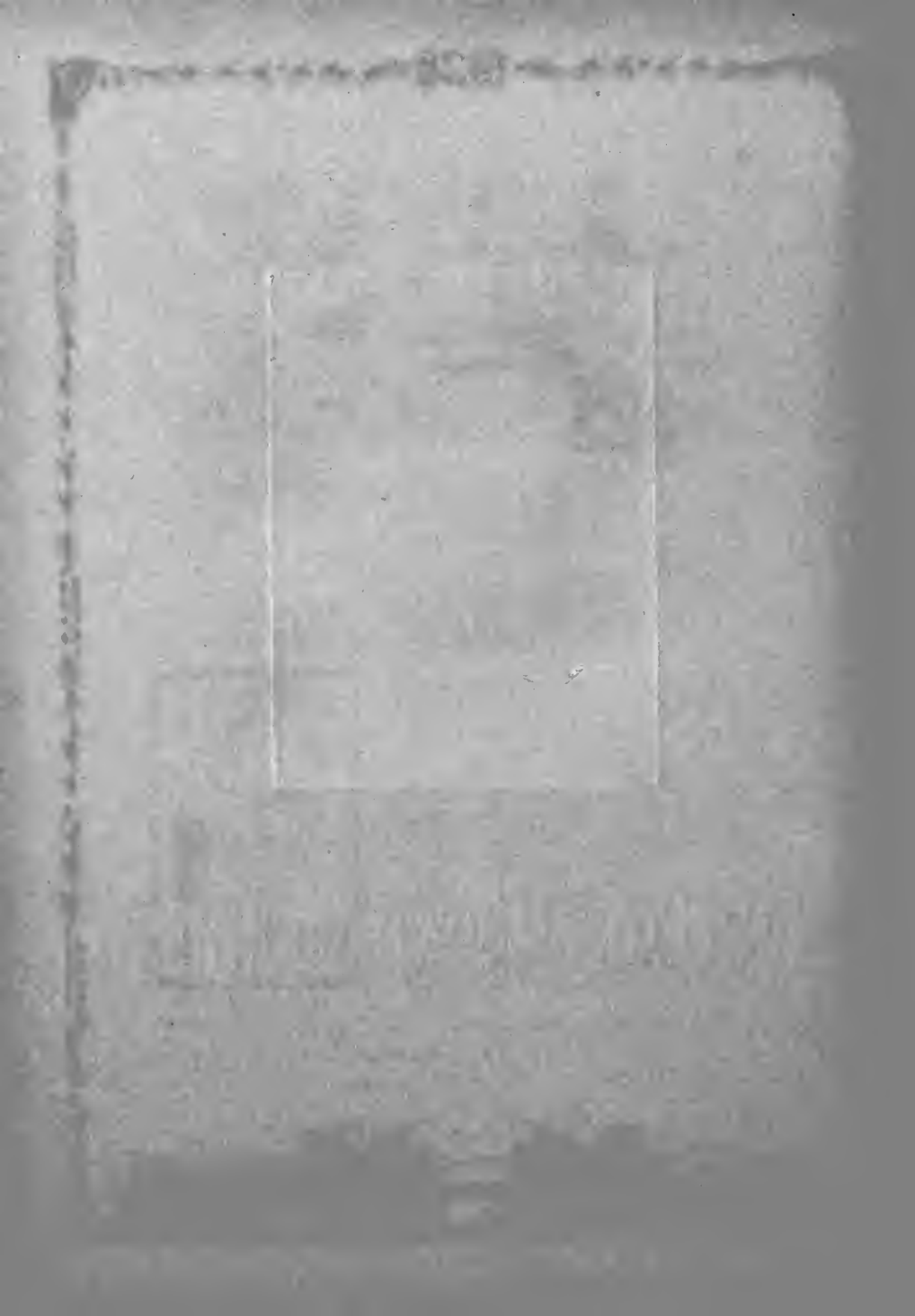
MUSIC BOX REVUE



"WHEN WINTER COMES"
(Prize Pictures)



KNOCKMEALLDOWN MOUNTAIN





When Mr. Shultz howls for copy
And your staff is in bed with the gripe
And the teachers insist upon classes
And you hint but they won't take the tip.

When Mr. Hoge's camera has fallen
For the tenth time on pavements of stone
And the art staff needs your assistance
And you walk up four flights with a groan —

When the kodak pictures are asked for
And you wait with abated breath
Knowing well that nothing will happen
With hope against hope for the best.

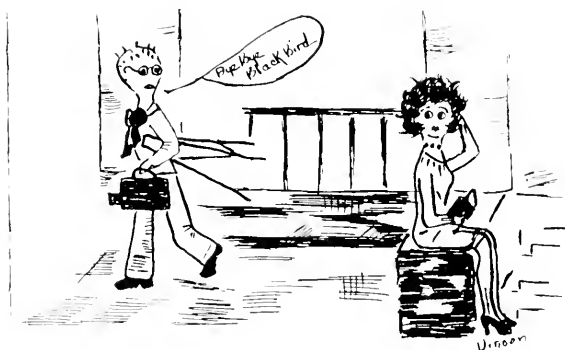
When the write-ups are minus some words
And you haven't a thought in your head
And you know that the space must be filled
And you'd much prefer going to bed

When all of these things have happened
And life doesn't seem worthwhile—
Remember survivals before you—
And bear each load with a smile.

—THE EDITOR

With apologies to

"Donney Brook Fair."



K. ROBERTSON (sitting pulling at her hair, after picture has been taken):
Let me know when you are ready to take the picture so I can look pretty.

"What were the dying words of Lord Chesterfield?
"They satisfy——"

MISS H.: Listen, do you know anything about this course?

STUDENT: A little, what would you like to know?



MARY: Athens is a small town, isn't it?

KITTY: Well—no, the town is plenty big enough,
but there ain't many people in it.

TWO STUDENTS COMING FROM EXAMS

FIRST STUDENT: A fool can ask more questions
than a wise man can answer.

SECOND STUDENT: No wonder so many of us
flunk our exams.

J. Hunt is so hot that she wears a coolie coat.

MISS ROBERTSON: Can you name some of the
mineral salts—Elizabeth T. Johnson?

ELIZABETH: Epson's salts.

Lottie wants to know if this boy is going to be a politician because he is going
to the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.



HISTORY TEACHER: Who succeeded Edward VI, Laura?

LAURA: Mary.

TEACHER: And who followed her?

LAURA: Her little lamb.

M. RAGAN: I just made fifty on a test, so I'm a half-wit.

MISS ROBERTSON: Who is it that has Diphtheria?

JENNIE: I have.

F. RUCKMAN: I wouldn't live by a schedule for anything. It would drive me to the asylum.

MISS M.: Why, that is just what you need.

(Conversation heard in Hill Top): "Have you seen Margaret since she's been dieting? Why, she's so skinny that she is afraid to eat Roquefort for fear somebody will think she is a cheese straw."

(Heard day following Intelligence test): "I got out of my Bible yesterday by using my intelligence."

SOPH.: I wonder why all men are so crazy to date me.

TR.: You can't imagine any sane man doing it, can you?

VOICE STUDENT: Why do they call them Glee Clubs?

ANOTHER VOICE STUDENT: Because it is so funny how some people get in.





NEW PREACHER (over at church): As I gaze before me this morning, I see a large number of bright and shining faces.

Is it any wonder so many powder puffs were visible?

SOPH: Don't you know they say that the world is coming to an end at midnight?

FRESHMAN: And to think I've already worked my Algebra for tomorrow.



M. BAGLEY: We had a new Spanish dance in gym today and I don't know whether I was the girl or the bull.

L. Carmichael asked Miss Stuart for "He Who Gets Slapped."

MISS STUART: Have you a "He Who Gets Slapped"?

OLD GIRL (to new girl at a dance in gym): Can you dance?

NEW GIRL: Half way.

OLD GIRL: What do you mean?

NEW GIRL: I can hold on, but I can't use my feet.

E. GIBSON (in Victrola store): Have you, "My Melancholy Baby"?

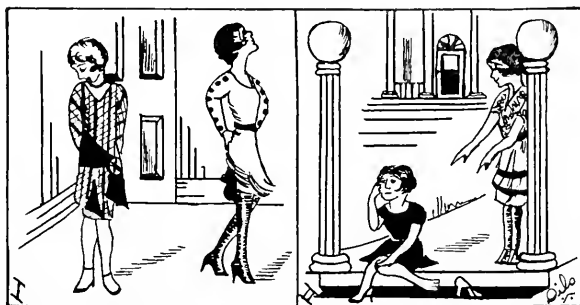
CLERK (giggling): Yes, I've a melancholy baby.





MISS ROBERTSON (in Health Ed. class): Drink all the cold water you can when you get up in the morning, and then dress. By that time you'll be all warmed up.

JENNIE: You don't know how long it takes us to dress.



If a Senior meet a Freshie,
Comin thru' the hall;
If a Senior meet a Freshie,
Need a Freshie Bawl?

If a Senior meet a Sophomore,
When he's falling down;
If a Senior mock a Sophomore,
Need a Sophomore frown?



BETTY: I sho' am glad Byron died at 36, if he had lived longer I never could have remembered what he wrote.

M. MOORE suggests: "Serve umbrellas with your snickers."

NEW GIRL: Have you any mail for me?

MAIL CARRIER: What's your name?

NEW GIRL: You'll find it on the envelope.

ANNA CATHERINE: What are those little specks on my coffee?

BETTY: They're atoms.

ANNA CATHERINE: Well, where are the Eves?

H. BEDINGER (looking at package list): P. Post, who's she?

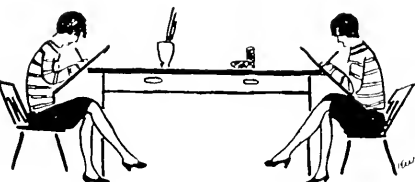
Heard in the studio during the illustration of THE BLUESTOCKING):

ART EDITOR: Well, I must go glue the beauties now.

A LITTLE LATER: Oh, dear! One corner of Anna Catherine just won't lie down!

MARIE: May I cut down a piece of this mountain to make room for her head?

Miss M.: Certainly, and I'd move that castle over a little and get a limb on the tree.



SKY-HIGH MENAGERIE



MRS. BLACK (telling Jeanette about her history exam): I asked you to name all the kings of the Stuart line and you named them all except Anne.

JEANETTE: I know, but you only asked for the kings.

"Have you saved anything for a rainy day?"

"Yes, a couple of old umbrellas."

V. LEAF: How long is "Leaves of Grass"?

FRANCES: Well, different lengths, it just depends.

Miss B. is said to have made the statement: "God made woman after man and she is still after him."

Kitty wants to know how you read 3 o'clock by Elinor Glyn?



FRESHMAN



SOPHOMORE



JUNIOR



SENIOR

Did you ever
See a Freshman
Go to Chem class at nine
With his lesson simply perfect
Having learned it line by line?

Did you ever?
No I never.

Did you ever
See a Sophomore
Go to Chem class at ten
With his notebook and his manual
With his paper and his pen?

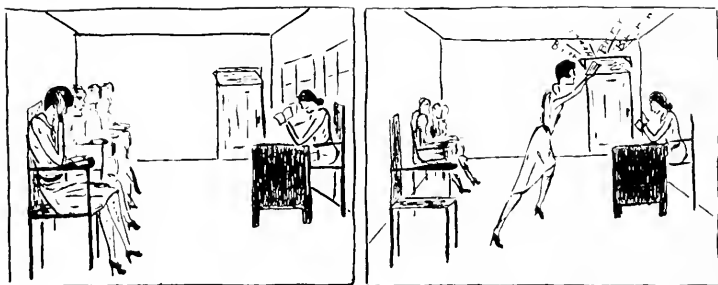
Did you ever?
No I never.

Did you ever
See a Junior
Go to Math class at eleven,
Work examples in radicals
By every rule known under heaven?

Did you ever?
No I never.

Did you ever
See a Senior
Go to History class at two
Prepared for a long lesson
Only to have it hurried through?

Did you ever?
No I never.



When you go to Latin class,
And there are a whole fifty lines to be read,
And you haven't read but forty,
And the teacher calls on somebody
And you begin to feel nervous,
And she calls on one after another,
And just as she comes to the first line you haven't read, she calls on you,
And just then the bell rings,
Oh, Boy! Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

(In Commemoration of a
Classmate's Wedding):

Where, oh where has Katherine gone?

Where, oh where is she?
She sailed away on an autumn day

Into a threatening sea.
But give me the name, if you please, my dear

Of this stormy, threatening sea,

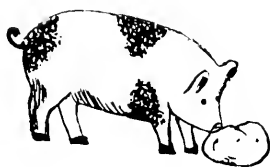
The sea that everybody longs to sail

The sea of Matrimony.



WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF:

May were a tulip instead of a Rose.
Bee were a boulder instead of a Stone.
Lucy were less instead of More
Elise were a queen instead of a King.
Sallie Henrie were an ache instead of a Payne.
Anna B. were a hymn instead of a Carroll.
Kathleen were a sheik instead of a Sultan.
Estelle were a wreath instead of a Garland.
Kay were the Nile instead of the Jordan.
Peggy were huge instead of Little.
Dot were snow instead of Haile.
Elizabeth were pastures instead of Fields.
Margaret were a farmer instead of a Miller.
Frances were a cook instead of a Baker.
Anna and Cammie were drivers instead of Parkers.
Kitty were a runner instead of a Walker.
Becky were a sheriff instead of a Constable.
Emily were the corn instead of the Cobb.
Virginia were a jump instead of a Leap
Mary were a decorator instead of a Draper.
Grace were a foe instead of a Friend.
Margaret were an Irishman instead of a Scott.
Virginia were a book instead of a Page.
Laura were a revolver instead of a Cannon.
Mary Moore were a biscuit instead of a Pancake.
Evelyn were Caesar instead of Alexander.
Becky were the cost instead of the Price.
Elise were Venus instead of the Gibson girl.



Directory-Teachers

Higgins, Miss Marianna P.	Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Va.
Barney, Miss Josephine Carter. . .	1010 Princess Anne Street, Fredericksburg, Va.
Bateman, Miss Effie J.	355 Sherwood Avenue, Staunton, Va.
Bear, Miss Mary C.	Churchville, Va.
Black, Mrs. Frank S.	Staunton, Va.
Boatfield, Miss Helen C.	Otisville, N. Y.
Caldwell, Miss Ellen G.	Wytheville, Va.
Campbell, Miss Mildred.	Doswell, Va.
DeVore, Miss Doris.	1005 Quincy Street, Parkersburg, W. Va.
Edmondson, Miss Gertrude.	221 North Market Street, Staunton, Va.
Edmondson, Miss Lucy.	221 North Market Street, Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Prof. F. W.	931 N. Augusta Street, Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Miss Lillian.	931 N. Augusta Street, Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Miss Luise.	931 N. Augusta Street, Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Miss Mary Caroline.	931 N. Augusta Street, Staunton, Va.
Flansburg, Miss Clare J.	59 Carson Avenue, Dalton, Mass.
Harris, Miss Eleonora.	Carlinville, Ill.
Harwood, Miss Iola G.	Monroe City, Mo.
Hurlburt, Miss Mary E.	Bloomfield, N. J.
King, Mr. W. W.	Staunton, Va.
Lakenan, Miss Mary E.	Boulder, Col.
Mace, Miss Rose Alice.	150 5th Ave., New York City
McFarland, Miss Nancy.	Staunton, Va.
McFarland, Miss Abbie.	Staunton, Va.
Meyer, Miss Gertrude E.	1322 Eutaw Place, Baltimore, Md.
Morse, Miss Lydia D.	271 Pleasant Street, Marlboro, Mass.
Naill, Mr. David H.	Staunton, Va.
Newton, Miss Berta.	205 McCall Street, Bennettsville, S. C.
Robertson, Miss Mary Louise.	1307 Clay Street, Lynchburg, Va.
Schoolar, Miss Norma.	315 East College Street, Jackson, Tenn.
Schmidt, Prof. W. R.	150 North Market Street, Staunton, Va.
Strauss, Miss Fannie.	315 North New Street, Staunton, Va.
Stuart, Miss Flora.	Wytheville, Va.
Taylor, Miss Mary A.	38 Brown Street, Waltham, Mass.
Templeton, Mr. James L.	209 North Market Street, Staunton, Va.
White, Miss India O.	The Anchorage, Route 4, Charlottesville, Va.
Williamson, Miss Helen S. P. . .	1316 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C.
Voss, Miss Thelma G.	Pogalusa, La.
Yount, Mrs. Frank L.	802 Alleghany Avenue, Staunton, Va.
Zuber, Miss Ruth.	Staunton, Va.

Directory-Students

Adkins, Pauline Frances.....	1223 Watts Street, Charleston, W. Va.
Alexander, Evelyn Crump.....	Scott, Ark.
Alexander, Mary Elizabeth.....	Woodlee, Staunton, Va.
Anderson, Effie Harness.....	Franklin, W. Va.
Anderson, Katherine Johnson.....	11 Prospect Street, Staunton, Va.
Anthony, Jean Scott.....	30 Prince Street, Nanticoke, Penn.
Argabrite, Mary Catherine.....	Blaker Mills, W. Va.
Armentrout, Elizabeth Louise.....	1509 Roanoke Street, S. W., Roanoke, Va.
Armstrong, Kathryn.....	Rogersville, Tenn.
Bagley, Sallie Mildred.....	Coniston Hall, Kenbridge, Va.
Baird, Catherine Borden.....	Box 55, Charlottesville, Va.
Baker, Frances Selden.....	1805 Fremont Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.
Baker, Evelyn McCue.....	1805 Fremont Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.
Baldwin, Evelyn Grayson.....	904 Vickers Avenue, Durham, N. C.
Baldwin, Eleanor Epes.....	905 Vickers Avenue, Durham, N. C.
Ballenger, Frances Cross.....	Round Hill, Va.
Barber, Gertrude Barbara.....	308 North Lewis Street, Staunton, Va.
Baylor, Helen Louise.....	205 Russell Street, Bluefield, W. Va.
Bear, Jessie Sara.....	359 Sherwood Avenue, Staunton, Va.
Bear, Dorothy Stickley.....	359 Sherwood Avenue, Staunton, Va.
Bedinger, Henrietta Lee.....	Charlotte Court House, Va.
Bedinger, Annie.....	Charlotte Court House, Va.
Beery, Clara Renbel.....	412 South Main Street, Harrisonburg, Va.
Bell, Margaret Ellen.....	Colony, Va.
Bell, Josephine Virginia.....	107 West Agarita Avenue, San Antonio, Texas
Bell, Lillian Henderson.....	44 Donaghe Street, Staunton, Va.
Bernie, Anita Alice.....	151 Longview Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.
Blackley, Mary Gilkeson.....	302 East Beverley Street, Staunton, Va.
Blue, Myrtle Eugenia.....	107 South Royal Street, De Ridder, La.
Borden, Rebecca Elizabeth.....	20 Thornrose Avenue, Staunton, Va.
Bosserman, Juanita.....	204 Church Street, Staunton, Va.
Bowen, Louise McDonald.....	Witten's Mills, Va.
Bowman, Betty.....	204 North Coalter Street, Staunton, Va.
Bowman, Mary Bair.....	Woodstock, Va.
Boxley, Elvira Cabell.....	Orange, Va.
Bradford, Ann Margaret.....	621 East Beverley Street, Staunton, Va.
Braxton, Mary Tomlin.....	365 Sherwood Avenue, Staunton, Va.
Brinley, Mary Elizabeth.....	Dry Run, Penn.
Brodiecker, Cora De Alba.....	Brownstown, Ind.
Brooks, Edna Virginia.....	9 Fayette Street, Staunton, Va.
Brown, Mary Leola.....	Churchville, Va.
Brown, Mary Edith.....	423 Hendren Street, Staunton, Va.

Brown, Doris Helen.....155 East Springettsbury Avenue, York, Penn.
 Brown, Mary Stuart.....Raphine, Va.
 Buenzle, Louise Eaton.....114 South 16th Street, Allentown, Penn.
 Burke, Mary Virginia.....167 Pine Street, Mount Airy, N. C.
 Burns, Elizabeth Marshall.....Charles Town, W. Va.
 Burrow, Anastasia Devereux.....18 South Coalter Street, Staunton, Va.
 Burrow, Elizabeth.....18 South Coalter Street, Staunton, Va.
 Burrow, Laura McClung.....18 South Coalter Street, Staunton, Va.
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IF THANKS could be measured in words, an additional BLUESTOCKING would have to be edited, filled with gratefulness to Miss Mace, Miss Strauss, and Mr. Shultz. These three people have been the mainspring while we ticked around trying to profit by their capable suggestions. To the girls who have willingly posed in the sun for hours having their pictures taken, and also to those who have contributed to THE BLUE-STOCKING in any way, we wish to express our gratitude.

—THE EDITOR.



Afterword

AS THE end crowns the work, so we offer this BLUESTOCKING hoping that it will be the coronet worthy of our dilligent and persistent labor. We here present this memory book of college, with the desire that the echoes of half remembered pleasures may become real as the pages are scanned on firelight days. As the chiming of the bells calls ambitions to rise and overcome the stormy path to success, it is our chief desire that this volume light the way to a more abundant life.



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107 West Beverley Street

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF The Staunton National Bank

OF STAUNTON, VA.

(Condensed from Report to Comptroller of
the Currency) at the Close of Business,
December 31, 1927

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$758,389.09
Overdrafts	289.54
Bonds, Securities, etc.	80,332.18
U. S. Bonds for Circulation	81,000.00
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	25,558.63
Treasurer U. S. 5 per cent R. Fund	4,050.00
Cash on hand	20,686.51
Due from Banks	152,639.16
	173,325.67
	\$1,122,945.11

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits	68,970.92
Dividend payable Jan. 3, 1928	5,000.00
Circulating Notes	81,000.00
Bills Payable	25,000.00
Re-Discounts	24,100.00
Deposits:	
Individuals	730,684.87
Banks	88,189.32
	818,874.19
	\$1,122,945.11

Three Per Cent Interest Paid on Our
Christmas Savings Club

B. E. Vaughan, President

Jos. B. Woodward, Vice-President

E. W. Randolph, Cashier

F. M. Fifer, Asst. Cashier

MCCRORY'S

5c AND 10c

STORE

**PEOPLES LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY**

OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

S—T—R—O—N—G
P—R—O—G—R—E—S—S—I—V—E

ROOMS 103-104
CENTRAL BUILDING
STAUNTON :: VIRGINIA

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DENTIST

20 Central Avenue
Staunton, Virginia

**BREEZY
HILL
INN**

STAUNTON
VIRGINIA



9 North Central Avenue
Staunton :: Virginia

**THE MASTER FUEL
THE AUTOMATIC COOK**

Insures Against Unlucky Days

There's no such thing as an unlucky day if the oven temperature is right. A hot oven without a regulator is nothing but a guess; it might be one degree of heat off or it might be 100 degrees of heat off.

CONSULT
YOUR LOCAL
GAS COMPANY

REMEMBER:

*If it is done with heat you
can do it better with gas*

The National Valley Bank

OF STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

RESOURCES MORE THAN THREE MILLION

AUGUSTA COUNTY'S OLDEST, LARGEST AND STRONGEST BANK

Designated by Federal Reserve Board to Act as Executor, Trustee, etc.

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CHAS. S. HUNTER, *Vice-Pres., Cashier*

W. B. MILLER, *Assistant Cashier*

GILPIN WILSON, *Vice-President*

C. K. HOGG, *Assistant Cashier*

FLORIDUS CROSBY, *Trust Officer*

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FIRST IN THE SOUTH

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boarding houses or when travel-
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Charges Reasonable

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SATISFACTORY
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of Humming Bird
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AND GIFT SHOP**

SMALL

BUT

FILLED

WITH

THE

FINEST

**NEW AND STRAND
THEATRES**

PRESENTING

THE BEST IN

VAUDEVILLE

AND MOTION

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18 East Beverley Street :: :: Staunton, Virginia

Telephone 1001

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ADORE

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*ours are always
of the*

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GREAT SAVING

To Get a Thrill Try a Pair

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SPOUT
INN**

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Freedom and Happiness to the
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THE END



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